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WATER-LILIES.—DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

For finding out the truth of matters by "frying" or "boiling down," the Americans, notwithstanding their passion for "gas," are generally to be depended upon. The question of whether young gentlemen who distinguish themselves in athletics make good scholars or otherwise has long been a debated one. In England it is the fashion to associate intelligence with muscle, though a few people are violent partisans of the contrary theory. From the calculations recently made from the educational and sporting data at Cornell University, it would seem that the athletes have their fair share of honours, considering that they do not devote so much of their time to study as the others, but very rarely distinguish themselves. This is pretty much what common-sense would have expected. If the inquiry, however, had gone beyond mere scholarship, and concerned itself with other intellectual powers than that of acquisition, I cannot think that the disciples of baseball and "the track" would have made so respectable a record. I would back, for keenness, the professors of what Mr. Candler called "the manly and athletic game of cribbage" against those who indulge in the more "violent delights" of football; outdoor games, too, are sometimes a source of weakness, which cannot be said (except in a moral sense) of billiards and cockymaroo. Lawn-tennis produces the "tennis arm"; while whist (with the rare exception of the whist "leg") has nothing deleterious of that kind; the "game hand" which you occasionally get at it does you, on the contrary, a great deal of good.

The poet who tells us that "the daw is not reckoned a religious bird because he keeps 'caw-cawing' from the steeple," would have altered his opinion had he been at Monkton Church the other Sunday. The clergyman appears to have been "assisted" (as it is called in the marriage advertisements) throughout the service by a jackdaw, though, of course, he wore no surplice. If the bird had confined itself to this, and to "taking a lively part in the responses," it would have earned nothing but commendation; but, like a certain Royal Duke of the last generation, who used to answer "By all means" when the minister said "Let us pray," it was a little too loquacious, and even upon matters outside the rubric. The whole congregation were inwardly convulsed, and would have perished, martyrs to apoplexy and their sense of propriety, but for the breaking out of the children, which relieved them. Then the juveniles were sent away, and the clergyman proceeded with an audience of adults only. The jackdaw, however, excited by its triumph, "perched upon the reading-desk," and made its own commentary upon the discourse delivered from the pulpit; and when dislodged by the churchwardens and other officials flew up to the rafters, from which commanding elevation his eloquence finally silenced that of his theological rival. I should like to have been present, to have set a good example of silence and solemnity; but to persons given to mirth, the circumstance must have been certainly rather trying. A hundred years ago that delightful bird would have been taken for the foul fiend in feathers.

Why is it, I wonder, that there is always a temptation to laugh at any incident with the least humour in it on the most solemn occasions? Why do jokes, which in print read rather feeble, when uttered in the House of Commons move that august assembly to "roars of laughter"? Why are the law courts "convulsed" by very small witticisms, even though they do not proceed from the Judge? I should be sorry to think so ill of human nature as to believe it arises from mere "cussedness." Perhaps it is that the sense of humour, too long repressed by pretentious surroundings and an atmosphere of twaddle or tedium, unconsciously swells and swells within us, and at the least opportunity explodes in what seems uncalled-for mirth. The greatest man I ever knew, and one of the most tender-hearted, once confessed to me that his well-known disinclination to attend funerals arose chiefly from the difficulty he experienced in keeping his countenance.

Of all nations we English are held (by other nations) to be the most "eccentric," and especially for the way in which we leave our money: when we have no money (a Frenchman tells us) we often leave ourselves "for the benefit of science," as a *pièce de résistance* for the dissecting table, or even "to enrich the land by top dressing." It seems, however, that even a Frenchman may be now and then a little unconventional in his way of disposing of himself. A Parisian cabman committed suicide the other day, leaving his body to benefit not his paternal acres, but the Jardin des Plantes. "I desire," said the testator, "to be cut into slices, to regale the lions, tigers, and bears." Why he should have confined his generosity to those three classes of animals is not apparent. In the records of our Doctor's Commons there is certainly nothing to be found more "eccentric" than this: nor has any one ever earned a free admission for his family to the Zoological Society's Gardens by providing for its tenants in a like manner. Englishmen are very apt to "go to the dogs"; but it only happens during their lifetime.

I have read a good many strange wills made by my countrymen, and almost all of them are mixtures (in the proportion of about ninety-nine to one) of egotism and benevolence. One of the most curious is that of Mr. Tuke, of Wath, near Rotherham (a place of whose existence an English Judge the other day professed himself ignorant, but which it seems was pretty well known in 1810; perhaps it has been since encroached upon and obliterated by the sea). Mr. Tuke bequeathed one penny to every child (there were 700 of them) who should come to his funeral; a guinea to seven navigators for "puddling him up in his grave"; and the same sum to an old lady who for eleven years had "tucked him up in his bed"; to his natural daughter four guineas a year; and forty dozen penny loaves to be "thrown from the church leads at twelve o'clock on

Christmas day for ever." I don't know whether this last "provision" is still carried out; but, if so, it must cause considerable (and prolonged) alarm to the passing stranger.

The demise of M. Mollard, "Introducer of Ambassadors," is announced from Paris. It seems at first sight rather an exceptional occupation, like that of the young gentleman who "blackened glasses for eclipses," and not likely to take up much of one's time; but the French are always having new Governments to which new Ambassadors are accredited. Moreover, when not taking Plenipotentiaries by the hand, M. Mollard "taught Court etiquette," and numbered among his pupils no less than 1250 Ministers of State. It seems no wonder—since the more frequent were the changes the better were his fees—that this head of the Turveydrop family "often alluded smilingly to the instability of French affairs."

A New York paper announces the discovery of a new wonder in the memory "department"—a lady who attends chapel, and, without taking a single note, goes home and writes down every word of her minister's discourse without omitting a "the" or an "and." This seems to me to be a little rough upon her minister, especially if he is an extempore divine; but she does not mean it roughly. She has been at it for five-and-twenty years, and written out two thousand of his sermons. Now and then she binds them, and has presented him altogether with forty volumes. When he "drops into" Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, she even follows him, having studied those languages, no doubt, for that especial purpose. The alligator (I think) is said to be accompanied by a little bird who devotes itself to him, in a somewhat similar fashion; but, with that exception, it is only popular preachers who are favoured with such faithful and constant admirers. The poor layman may "lecture" for a week, and even his own children (to judge by their conduct) don't remember a word he says.

The pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last, and the professional aeronaut, no matter how many or successful be his ascents, generally meets the fate which has been always prophesied for him. Thus it has happened to that "popular favourite," Mr. Simmons; but to such a veteran, it is probable that, of late years at all events, the apprehension of such a catastrophe never entered his mind. After hundreds of expeditions into "the viewless fields of air" they must be as familiar as any other fields, and less dangerous, because there are no bulls in them: and no doubt to some people this mode of travel has an immense attraction. The motion is delightful, and the passage through the "lucent hyaline" intensely exhilarating. I once knew a man, rather "of the earth, earthy" as to his character in other respects, who never omitted an opportunity of tasting this ethereal pleasure. As a boy, he saved his pocket-money for months till he had scraped five pounds together to go up with Mr. Green, by night, from Cremorne Gardens. He had persuaded two other friends—Jones and Brown—older than himself, to accompany him, of whom he used to tell the following story. Though Jones had screwed up his courage to the sticking-place so far as to get into the car, the sight of the huge balloon swinging and billowing above him, and the thought that "it might knock against the moon or something" (as my friend contemptuously expressed it), were too much for him, and just at the last moment he slipped down one of the retaining cords, and rushed into the refreshment-room with "For Heaven's sake, a glass of brandy!" "You shall have it directly, Sir," said the young lady at the bar; "but here is another young gentleman who wants one quite as much as you do." This was Brown, on whom the same apprehensions had been operating, and who had made his escape in precisely the same manner.

When I read amusing letters in print, I have always some doubt of their authenticity, amusing letters in manuscript being so very rare; and this gives me some suspicion of the correspondence Mr. Baldwin (the parachuter) has given to the world, through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from the young people who have expressed their willingness to go up with him, and (especially) to come down with him, to share his feat and to sit on his shoulders. Can there really be so many young people, as he describes, willing thus to risk their necks, even for a consideration? To do them justice, they are all practical enough, and some of them a little grasping. "I will do the same as you do," writes one, "for your £200." The pleasure of taking this enterprising youth upon his back, as the eagle accommodated Ganymede, being, he thinks, one that will recoup the Professor for doing his own work for nothing. Another writes, "If you are not suited with a boy, I should like to drop with you for a £1000. Please send money for fare to Palace." Whatever may be his shortcomings as an acrobat, no one can excuse that youth of not opening his mouth wide enough. It must be confessed that there is something that smacks of true boy nature in both these epistles. But almost all the rest, except those from the fair sex ("I should think it a great honour to be allowed the pleasure of appearing with you. I am a young lady; my weight is 7 st. 5 lb., which is not much," &c.), suggest dictation. "If I fall, will you let my mother have the money?" would be a beautiful filial touch, if it were genuine; but it seems to me to bear the impress of the maternal mind. Again, "The sum offered would clear my father of several debts, and start us again," is scarcely a juvenile piece of composition; it was probably written "under pressure," to the accompaniment of the whistle of a horse-whip. One gentleman, indeed, makes no pretence of his son's offer being a voluntary one. "It having come to my knowledge that you would like a little boy to ascend with you into the air, and having every confidence in you, I would trust my son with you; his age is nine, and his courage good." That sounds perfectly genuine; and, indeed, since nothing is more common than "dropping children" merely to get rid of them, there is nothing surprising in offers to "drop" them for £200, or even less.

There is much discussion just now as to whether various eminent persons speak or do not speak provincially; even when they do, it seems to me to matter little, though unhappily, thanks to a growing deafness and the absence of the bump of "language," I find a greater difficulty in understanding them than most people. But why should authors who are acquainted with ordinary English persist in *writing* in a provincial dialect? It is not helped out, like speech, with gesture and expression, and, therefore, puzzles one far more; and though, no doubt, it gives a local colouring to a story, its readers, unless they are a local public, are more or less colour-blind. If novelists must do this, let them put their dialect in the notes, as translations from the dead languages used to be put, "for the convenience of country gentlemen and others." What would be said of an author born within the sound of Bow Bells who, because he was writing of Londoners, should put v's for w's, and leave out his h's? I have also noticed this peculiarity in dialect stories: that all the people who come from the place the author would describe by this means protest that he knows nothing about the tongue in question. As it doesn't please *them*, and certainly fails in pleasing anybody else, why on earth does he do it? It is curious, by-the-by, that the phrase, "talking through the nose"—a habit attributed by an American humourist to the English—should be applied to a nasal pronunciation; this is so far from being the case that the sound, or an admirable imitation of it, is caused by closing the nose.

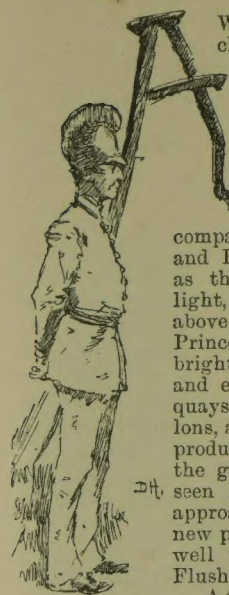
THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Advance, Australia!" Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the extremely young-looking dramatist from Sydney, New South Wales, has, almost at a bound, firmly placed his feet considerably higher up the ladder of fame than the first rung. For the immediate success of his new and effective four-act play of "Captain Swift," Mr. Chambers is undeniably much indebted to Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, who cast the drama very strongly at the trial matinee in June, and reassumed the title-rôle when the piece served for the opening of the regular autumn season of the Haymarket on Saturday evening, the First of September.

The triumph of "Captain Swift" (somewhat pruned and altered by the author) was never once in doubt on the night of the revival. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Marion Terry, Mr. John Hare, and Mr. Fernandez were among the most interested members of the audience. Adequate rehearsal had made Mr. Tree's company perfect in their parts. The result was a performance of exemplary force and smoothness. Romantic as the extraordinary story was, the naturalness of the acting gave probability to the plot. It may be remembered that the cleanly-cut central character is that of Mr. Wilding, a young and handsome adventurer, who, as Captain Swift, had been the terror of Queensland, but who is, nevertheless, discovered in the first act quite at his ease, and addressing with the composure of one to the manner born a group of ladies and gentlemen in a London drawing-room. Wilding has made the acquaintance of venerable Mr. Seabrook by fearlessly stopping his runaway cab-horse; and through this chance rescue is introduced by the old gentleman to his home circle. The cool, collected, and polished bushranger becomes strengthened in his desire to bury his nefarious past, and to lead an honest life by the love that springs up in his breast for Stella Darbisher, Mr. Seabrook's niece and ward, whose heart is speedily won by Wilding. But there are grave obstacles to their marriage. In the first place, Mrs. Seabrook recognises Wilding as her son by her first love, and beseeches him not to destroy the happiness of doting Mr. Seabrook by revealing the sad secret of her life. In the next place, Mr. Gardiner, a good-natured colonial visitor to Mr. Seabrook's country seat, lets Wilding plainly know that he is aware he is no other than the noted bushranger, with whom he had had a hostile encounter, but did not regard with utter aversion because Captain Swift had spared his life. As Mr. Gardiner happens to be a suitor for the hand of Mr. Seabrook's daughter Mabel, the odds are, obviously, that in real life he would have felt it his duty to expose the character of Wilding to his host. But what would then become of the drama? Without specifying the anomalies that remain in "Captain Swift," one finds it pleasant to dwell upon the good points. Mr. Tree, if a shade too calm for an outlaw who has "roughed it" in the bush, puts much life and character into his remarkably skilful impersonation of Wilding. Infinitely moving is the situation in which he learns from his mother's lips the secret of his birth, and consents to abandon his love, and to quit the house in which he had for the first time in his life caught a glimpse of home rest and comfort and happiness. Lady Monkton is supremely artistic also in this trying and pathetic scene, which wins for the crushed outcast the sympathies of all. Wilding is stunned by the blow. It is as one in a dream he seeks shelter in Mr. Gardiner's rooms in London—only to shoot himself, to save his mother's secret from being divulged. Captain Swift is undoubtedly one of Mr. Tree's finest creations. It is well matched by Lady Monkton's Mrs. Seabrook, and by Mr. Macklin's manly and unexaggerated embodiment of Mr. Gardiner. Another strong bit of character is the revengeful Marshall of Mr. Brookfield. Excellent also in their way are Miss Rose Leclercq as the hard-hearted sister of Mrs. Seabrook, Lady Staunton; Mrs. Tree as charmingly sweet Stella; Mr. Kemble as Mr. Seabrook; Miss Angela Cudmore as Mabel; Mr. Fuller Mellish as Harry Seabrook, Wilding's rival and half-brother; and Mr. Charles Allan as the Queensland detective. The town and country scenes painted by Mr. Walter Johnstone are of the elaborate nature to which the enterprise of modern management has accustomed us. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all was when a beardless and slender young man, apparently little more than a youth, but really about thirty, bowed his acknowledgements before the curtain in response to the deservedly cordial calls of "Author! author!"

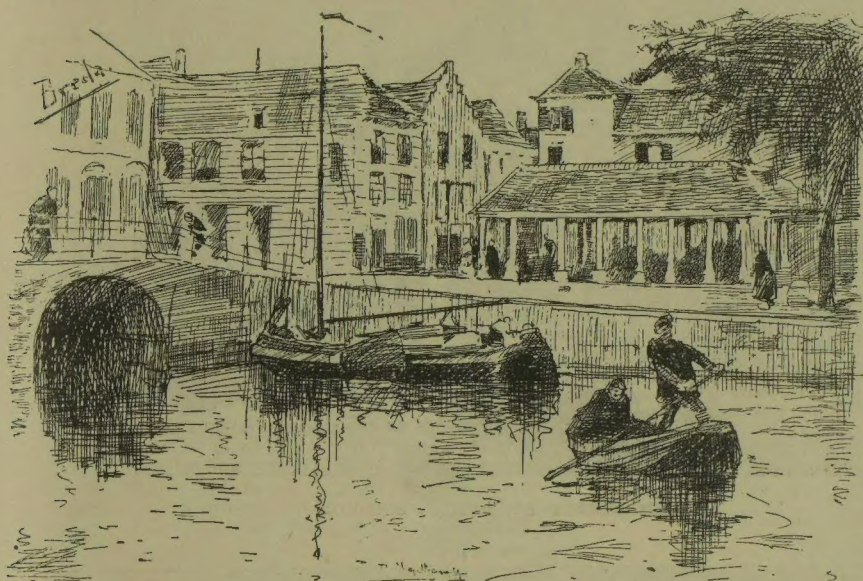
M. Lecoq's comic opera of "Pepita" (to call it by the name of Mr. Mostyn Tedde's English version) is neither musically nor dramatically to be compared with the same composer's famous "Fille de Madame Angot." But the audience that filled Toole's Theatre on the Thirtieth of August evidently found pleasure in the tuneless numbers of "Pepita," and diversion in the light story of the sprightly Princess Inez of the Canary Isles, who through the clever scheming of her friend Pepita gains the throne. Gifted with a mellow voice and prepossessing appearance, Miss Wadman was the life and soul of the opera as Pepita. Miss Kate Cutler as Inez was similarly attractive. Their boorish husbands found capable representatives in Mr. H. Lingard and Mr. L. Kelleher. The most comical feature of all was the duet "My excellent friend, Bombardos," by Mr. Frank Seymour and Mr. W. Marnock. But it was Miss Wadman who carried off the chief honours. The favourable reception of "Pepita" was cheerily acknowledged by Mr. Auguste Van Biene.

MY LITTLE DUTCH TOUR.



A WEEK or two ago, in company with a cheery friend, I made a hurried progress through the less known cities of Holland, leaving out the more familiar Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and now, at the risk of crying out in the wilderness, would heartily recommend this most piquant country to the blasé tourist in search of a new sensation. The great vessels of the Dutch company which ply between Queenborough and Flushing are as large and comfortable as the Holyhead boats, have the electric light, are fast-steaming, well-found, and, above all, steady. Aboard one of these—the Prince Henry—we reached Flushing on a bright, sultry morning; a quaint, bright, and even gay little port, with fortifications, quays, Noah's-ark trees, and jangling carillons, and all the Dutch apparatus complete, producing much the effect of Boulogne on the genuine Briton who has never before seen France. Unluckily the vessels do not approach the town, but arrive at a brand-new port of their own a mile off; but it is well worth staying an hour or so to see Flushing.

A few miles further on, we came to a rather slumbering old town—Middelburgh—all red and white houses and rubicund tiles. From the centre rises a couple of those significant spires, bulbous and elegant, which betoken in Flemish countries the townhall and church, whence sounds the usual melodious jangle, faint and silvery—wheezy efforts at a tune. Wandering up the bright street we emerge on the spacious Place, to be astounded by the Townhall, famous all the world over: an elegant and surprising work, richly decorated, and delightfully irregular, with its one elaborate gable or wing, high roof, and rows of statues in their niches. A few years ago the old town had its bastions and gates, through which you clattered, over the drawbridge; but these are levelled, and the



space they cumbered is laid out in charming gardens and parklets, across which the fine air from the low-lying fields and plains is wafted. Here we meet the regular Boors of the pictures, with the brimless hats, and of rather piratical aspect, their collars secured with wrought gold clasps, while the flowing laced caps of the women are resplendent with golden shells. But the whole seems perfectly dead—dead as any doornail, and the grass grows in the streets.

An hour or so brought us to Breda, a place known to few except perhaps by Corporal Trim's military recollections. There is quite a scenic air about this antique town; the Cathedral has an elegant openwork tower, light and airy, and built, like so many in this country, of a white brick. All these Flemish towers seem to be the expression of the town itself. It is unfortunate that there should exist a perfect mania for destroying the old gateways, always picturesque, and here none are left. Like their Flemish neighbours, the Dutch have taken heartily to the tramway, which adds a decidedly picturesque element. The smallest, meanest town is thus equipped; a light car drawn by a comfortable, well-looking, well-fattened white horse, ambles lazily through the narrowest and most tortuous streets: while a hoarsely clanging sort of bell is ceaselessly rung by the driver as he goes.

Further on we were set down at Bois-le-Duc—or "Bosch," as it is familiarly called by the natives—a sleepy, but opulent, place; spacious, too, with abundant canals, and a perfect air of contented old fashion. Here is a large, spreading marketplace, delightfully irregular in shape, large enough for a regiment to manoeuvre in, with blocks of houses intruding at corners, and an entire perfect chrysolite of a cathedral, exquisite in its originality and lace-work details. It is almost bewildering in its profuse buttresses, low cloisters, and other buildings incrustated on to it. But it seems to be all crumbling away—pinnacles and arches and balustrades have disappeared here and there; but restoration on a vast and thorough scale is being carried out, and in judicious fashion. Within, it is a miracle of lightness and elegance; the lofty lantern, with its tall Gothic lights, is unsurpassed. And such an organ!—a perfect building, rising in storeys and clusters of pipes, like the stern of some vast antique Spanish argosy, and filling the whole end of the nave, almost from floor to roof. Here was once a magnificent Renaissance screen of black and coloured marbles, with statues and arches, which the restorers cleared away and sold, and which the curious can see now in South Kensington Museum. Here, too, in plain contrast, is the Stadhuis, an unpretending building in the more classical Spanish taste: a reminder of the old conquest and occupation to be found in many of the old towns, as at Brussels, and not inharmonious, adding richness and an air of haughty state.

But the *bonne bouche* of the day was the old town of Nimeguen, or Nymwegen. Here the country grows hilly, and is richly wooded; indeed, a Dutchman frankly confessed it was the only elevated portion of their country, and was, therefore, much *recherché*. Surely one of the most original and *vocooco* towns a traveller could desire. At every corner there is something strange or piquant; and with all this thoroughly antique look, there is an air of modern prosperity, bustle, and motion. In the great Place every house is quaint and queer, and of delightfully straggling shape. There is a really

exquisite Stadhuis of red brick, newly restored, with its double flight of steps to a gallery of entrance on the lofty first storey. The windows down to the ground are fenced with formidable grilles, a Spanish addition, and found occasionally in other towns. Close by is the old weigh-house, piquant and picturesque. In Holland these weigh-houses have a character of their own. Overhanging the Place is the huge and ponderous, but elegant, belfry of the cathedral, to reach whose "close" we pass through an antique double-arched mansion, old as the fifteenth century. Here is a strange, forlorn inclosure, surrounded by some marvellous buildings. One of these, called the "Latin School," is quite extraordinary for its delicate brickwork, its row of niches for statues, many of which are gone or mouldered away. The whole is in a sad state of squalor and dilapidation. The tower is one of those amazing mountains of solid brick which overpower the spectator, and seem to be the effort of Nature rather than of man. To anyone seeking a fillip for his jaded or torpid faculties, I would say, "Go to Nimeguen or Nymwegen;" in fact, as I once heard an Irish friend put it, "I heartily give my *Vetto* for Nywegen!"

Arnhem, the next halting-place, is better known to the traveller, and is a flourishing place enough, where our Dutchmen love to spend their *villegiatura*. But there is little for the lover of antiquity.

Next came Utrecht, a place fairly well known, but hardly appreciated as it deserves. What a bright Dutch gaiety and spaciousness it has! Gay streets and abundance of gay canals, with alleys of fine old trees, huge barges, and the rest. The belfry is itself worth a long journey to see: a vast, overpowering structure, solid and square, pierced by an enormous arch which forms a sort of entry to the town, while at the top it takes the shape of an elegant, hexagonal stone tower, lined with rows and rows of bells, which pursue their melodious labours unceasingly. There is one view in Utrecht which cannot be surpassed for picturesque effect—that from the Fish Market, looking up the canal; where animation, colour, and the irregular houses rising from the water, the trees and barges, and the huge tower forming the end of the vista, form as astounding a vista as one of Prout's water-colour scenes. Let no one think the old fashion of things has been swept away—not in Holland, at least.

The Hague, which came next, is more in the professional tourist's way, and is too pretentious and modern to please the antiquary. The Public Gallery of Pictures is, however, a model for its small size: the quality of the pictures, and their excellent disposition in a good, sound, old Spanish mansion. The guardians display their orange ribbons of office; and they have an obliging custom, which might be imitated elsewhere, of not "clearing out" the visitors when the hour for closing arrives, though no one is then admitted.

Next was a pleasant contrast, in the shape of an antique dreamy, perhaps dozing, university city—Leyden. This place is perfectly charming for its tone of general repose, variety of retired streets, shaded canals, and quaint bridges. The long, winding main street has somewhat the air of Oxford—an impression quickened by the handsome modern club, or students' "societat," in front of which are seated a number of lively youths, who, in dress and air, could not be distinguished from English lads.

Further up is the elegant Renaissance Stadhuis, with its graceful double-stair and truly quaint belfry behind. It is difficult to give an idea of the "bits" and corners which adorn this pleasing old town. The canals are everywhere, and disposed like streets; but they are narrow and shaded by fine old trees, and one is crossed by a curious covered bridge. Portions recall the tranquillity of Tunbridge Wells. In this sleepy town, the accommodating tram-car sets you down at the door and sign of the "Golden Lion": it is a true old house, with a floridly carved stair and old-fashioned ways enough. Nor are costumes and contrasts of colour wanting. The Catholic priests have a quaint, old-fashioned dress, the most genuinely "Dutch" thing "out." See you pair, just passing by; walking so gravely arrayed in *very* low-crowned Quakerish hats, full-bottomed coats, canes with ivory tops, breeches, and buckles—wonderfully old-fashioned figures. The Protestant clergy wear what seems to be the old Geneva gown, though rather suggesting an Inverness cape. The women still cling to their singular picturesque head-dress, though they often combine it with the modern fashion, as



when they put a bonnet on top of the old lace-cap and golden "blinkers." The army has much developed of late years; the officers are smart, well set-up men, in handsome, well-fitting uniforms, a little burly, it may be, but soldierlike. Some have orange sashes, and from their shako white cords are festooned across the chest, to be gathered up on the left shoulder with a rosette and tassels. The police wear glazed leathern helmets bound with white metal and a loose cloak.

Everywhere is to be met a cordial good nature and civility which is almost English.

Next, on to Delft, where the new and pleasing station is built in the old-fashioned style with a spire, or lantern, and is garnished appropriately with Delft tiles. Here we see the old patterns again: pastoral canals, drawbridges, old East India Company's offices, and a fine Place with a charming Spanish Stadhuis accurately proportioned to the size of the town. There is a noble, dignified statue of Grotius in the centre, and one solitary "poort," or gate, has been left standing. There is, however, little to see; and it should be noted that the travelling sight-seer will find most of the Dutch towns can be disposed of in a couple of hours, a longer stay leading only to tedium and weariness.

We wound up with Dort, or Dordrecht, a "poorish," disappointing place, antique enough, but having little "distinction"—mean streets, decayed houses, and a squalid townhall built within living memory—a shabby thing with a Greek portico. A sort of Kermess was going on, which seems to amount to no more than numbers of huge, strident, grinding organs, with merry-go-rounds, and the manufacture of gauffres in glittering palaces. On the walls I read: "Het Mikado, éen dag im Titipu. Japansche Komike Opera van W. S. Gilbert, &c."

Having thus rediscovered a portion of Holland, and, for the hundredth time, I came away and came home. Let the curious amateur accept what may be termed this "straight tip in towns," and put his money on Bois-le-Duc and Nymwegen, and he will be grateful to the present much gratified traveller,

PERCY FITZGERALD.



MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE D'AOSTA.

It is well known that the Roman Catholic Church, if it claims authority to forbid certain marriages as sinful, does not scruple to allow them in the case of personages of high rank; and the union of a niece with her uncle, which is abhorrent to the natural feeling of Protestants, can be made legitimate by a Papal dispensation from canonical laws. So the Pope, at the request of the Empress Eugénie, widow of Napoleon III., but probably not in order to please the King of Italy, who occupies his former sovereignty in Rome, has consented to sanction the wedding, on Sept. 11, of Princess Letitia Bonaparte to her uncle, the Duke d'Aosta. His Royal Highness, brother to King Humbert of Italy, and son of the late King Victor Emmanuel, is forty-three years of age. He was elected King of Spain in December, 1870, and was deposed in February, 1873. His first wife, Princess Marie of Pozzo della Cisterna, died in November, 1876. His sister, Princess Clotilde, married Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, cousin to the late Emperor Napoleon III., in January, 1859, and has three children, one of whom, Prince Victor Napoleon, born in 1862, claims to be heir to the French Empire, while the youngest, Princess Letitia, born Dec. 20, 1866, is now the bride of her own uncle, and becomes the Duchess d'Aosta.

THE WILLOUGHBY MEMORIAL, DELHI.

One of the memorable incidents of the Indian Mutiny War of 1857 was the heroic action of Lieutenant George Willoughby, of the Ordnance Commissariat Department, when the rebels gained possession of Delhi. This young officer, with Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, of the Bengal Artillery, and six European conductors and sergeants of artillery, was in charge of the great magazine of ammunition, near the palace. When these nine, after the natives had mutinied, could no longer withstand the assault of the enemy, Willoughby ordered the magazine to be blown up. Only two of the nine, Raynor and Buckley, escaped alive. Willoughby's grave, if any, being unknown, it was proposed to raise a memorial to him and his comrades on the scene of their noble exploit. Lately, when Lieutenant-Colonel R. Parry Nisbet, C.I.E., was Commissioner of the Delhi Division, he asked the permission of the Government to erect, at his own expense, the memorial to his kinsman Willoughby. It was determined, however, that the cost should be borne by the Government of India. The memorial, the design of which is appropriate and tasteful, was furnished by Mr. H. A. S. Fenner, M.I.C.E., Superintending Engineer, Punjab. The scroll work of laurels above, the broken lances wreathed with bays on each side, and the dismounted and spiked gun below, betoken that all was lost but honour and duty.

THE STOCKPORT TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

The Lord Mayor of London visited the town of Stockport, near Manchester, on Sept. 8, to assist the committee of the newly-formed Technical School and the Mayor of Stockport, Alderman Joseph Leigh, by performing the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the building. The architectural design of this building is represented in our Illustration. The Stockport Technical School, projected last year as a memorial of the Jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria, is calculated to render great service to the industrial and commercial interests of that large manufacturing town.

JUBILEE ALMSHOUSES AND CHURCH, KENDAL.

The "Sleddall" Victoria Jubilee Almshouses, shown in our Illustration, are very neat and well-constructed buildings for the aged poor of Kendal. The munificent donor, Mr. John Sleddall, left last year the sum of nearly £30,000 exclusively for charitable purposes to the town of Kendal, and about one half that sum has been spent on the almshouses and endowment. There are twelve houses, each intended for man and wife, with an allowance of 12s. 6d. per week. The ancestry of the late Mr. Sleddall is one of the oldest in Westmorland; he was born near Kendal, and for generations the Sleddall family have lived in and around the neighbourhood of the town, one of his ancestors being the first Mayor of the ancient borough, 280 years ago. Mr. Eli Cox, of Kendal, the architect, wrote to her Majesty, through the Home Secretary, asking her gracious permission to associate her name with the buildings. This was granted, the donor having expressed a wish to the architect before he died that he would like her to do so. His death took place immediately after the foundation-stone was laid, in the early part of the Jubilee year.

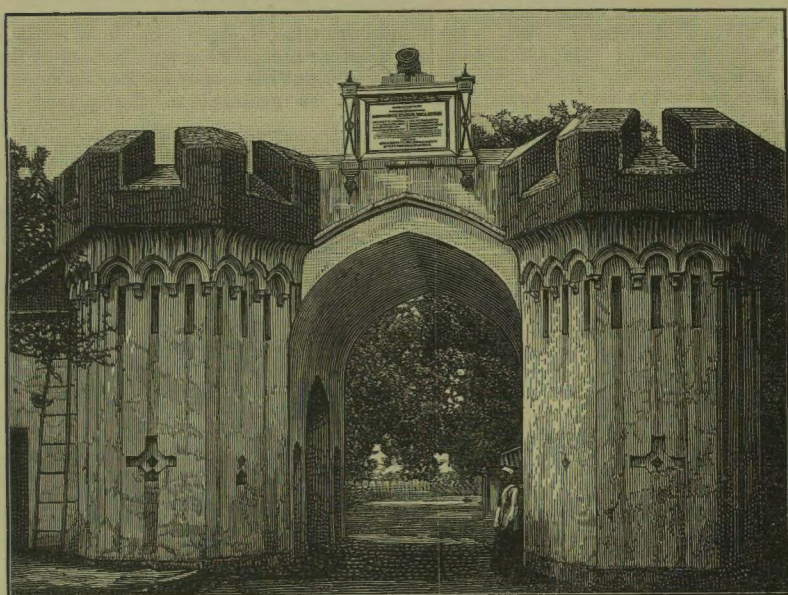
The Commander-in-Chief has ordered the formation of twelve additional brigades of Volunteers for home defence.



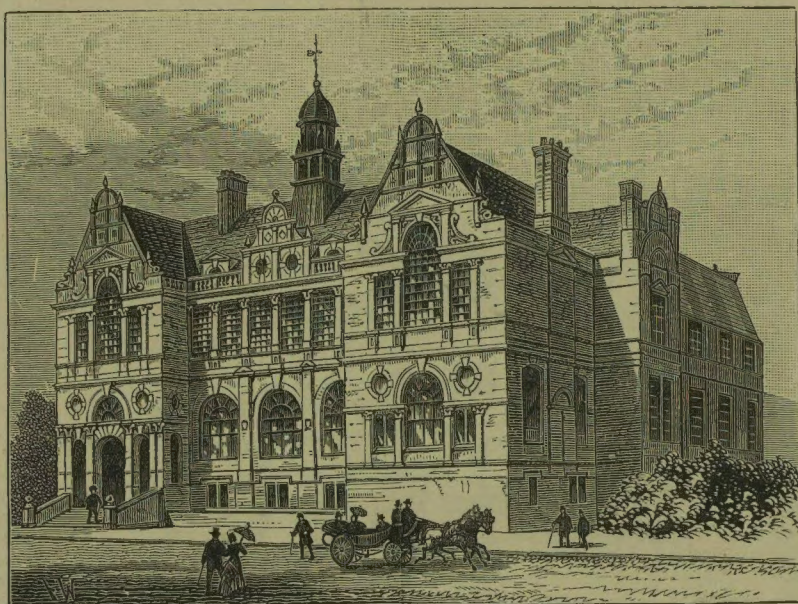
THE DUKE D'AOSTA,
BROTHER TO THE KING OF ITALY.



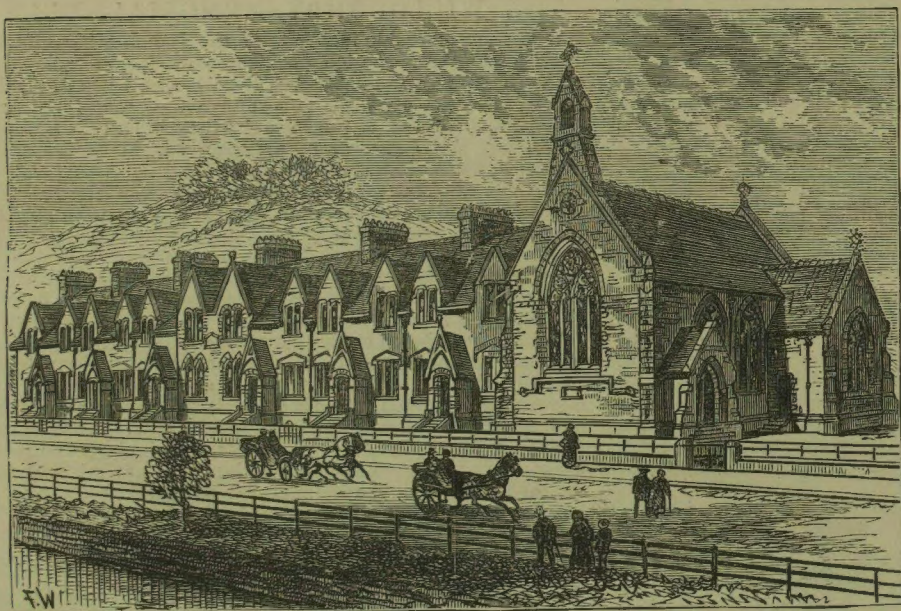
PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE,
BRIDE OF THE DUKE D'AOSTA.



THE WILLOUGHBY MEMORIAL, DELHI.



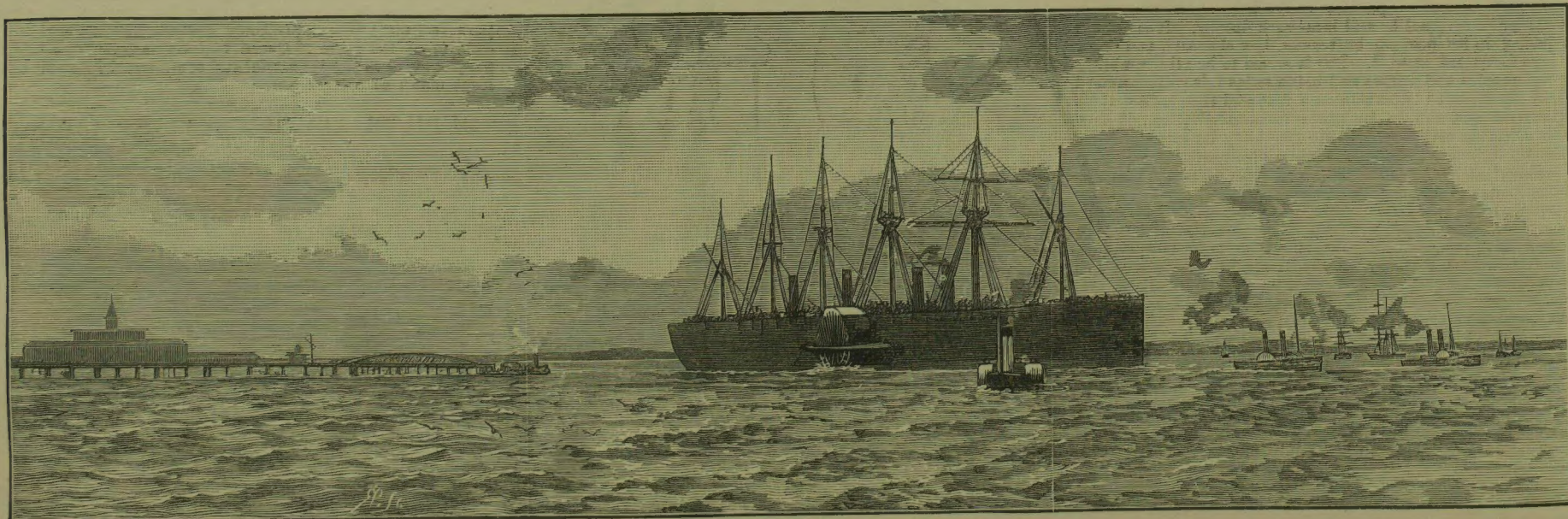
THE STOCKPORT TECHNICAL SCHOOL.



THE "SLEDDALL" VICTORIA JUBILEE ALMSHOUSES AND CHURCH, KENDAL.



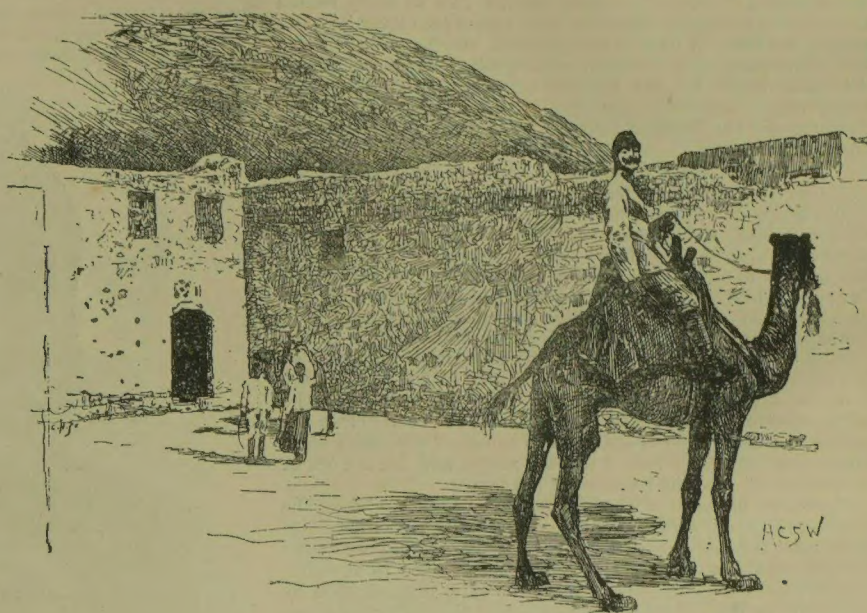
THE NEW STATIONERS' HALL.



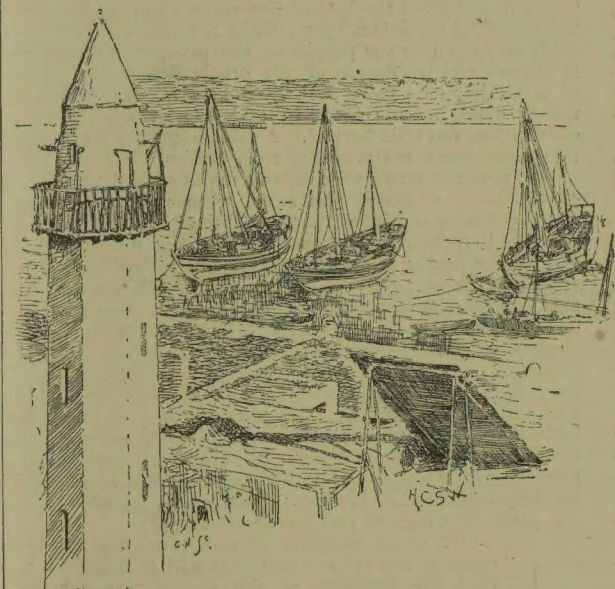
LAST VOYAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN: PASSING NEW BRIGHTON, ENTERING THE MERSEY.—SEE PAGE 279.



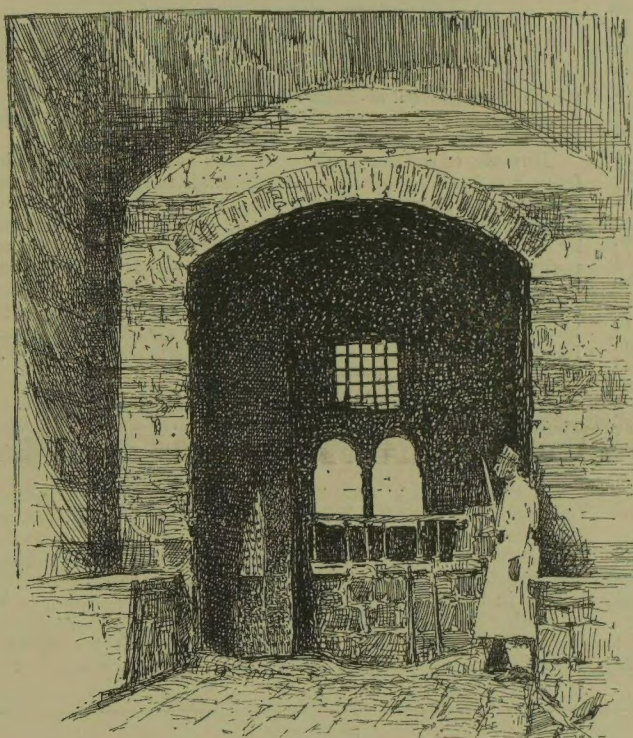
EGYPTIAN OFFICERS ON THE PARAPET OF THE FORT.



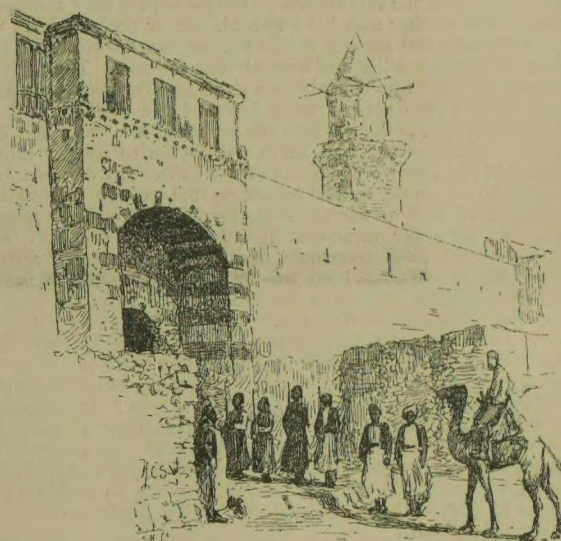
INTERIOR OF THE FORT.



THE HARBOUR, LOOKING TOWARDS THE QUARANTINE STATION.



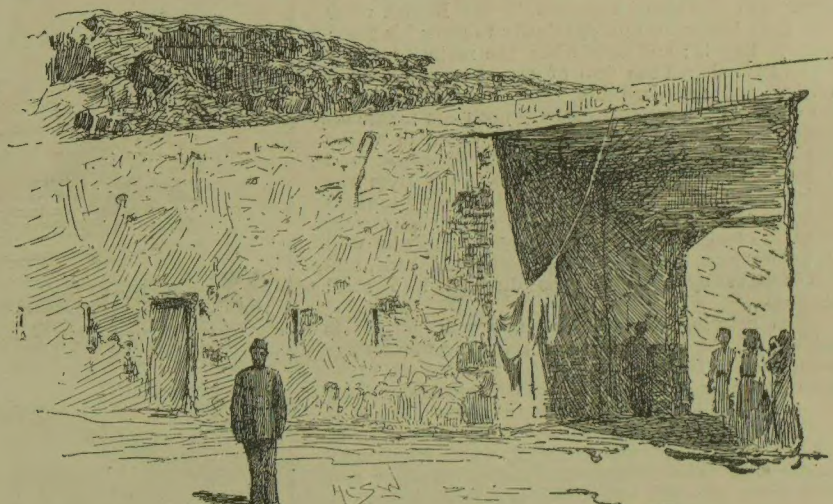
GATEWAY OF THE OLD FORT.



THE ENTRANCE, WITH SHEIKH'S TOMB.



THE NEW FORT AT EL WEDJ.



THE GATEWAY OF THE TOWN.

THE TURKISH OCCUPATION OF EL WEDJ, ON THE COAST OF ARABIA.

The eastern coast of the Red Sea, from the Gulf of Akabah and the peninsula of Sinai down to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, comprises the two Arabian provinces, El Hedjaz and Yemen, belonging to the Turkish Empire, which together extend more than thirteen hundred miles along the sea-shore, but their inland boundaries are not certainly defined. El Hedjaz, containing the Mohammedan sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, is a dominion most indispensable to the Sultan of Turkey, in his religious and political character as Caliph of Islam; and the continual resort of pilgrims to those holy shrines from all the Mohammedan nations of Asia, Africa, and Eastern Europe, brings to that part of Arabia considerable yearly traffic, with a certain source of revenue for the Ottoman Government. In other districts, however, the local Arab chieftains, who also call themselves Sultans, maintain a degree of practical independence which has been recognised in treaties with Great Britain, though we believe the sovereignty of the Porte is not formally denied. A portion of the coast, outside the northern boundary of El Hedjaz, towards the Sinai peninsula, was the country of the ancient Midianites, and here is the site of the famous gold-mines lately explored by Captain Burton (Sir Richard Burton), who has described his surveys in an interesting book. The port of El Wedj, on that coast, was recently occupied by a Turkish garrison; and Major Surtees (a Captain of the Coldstream Guards), accompanied by Captain Ahmed Zeki, was

sent officially, by the British Government, to visit the place and to report on its present condition. Mr. Cope Whitehouse, the well-known explorer of Egyptian topography and antiquities, also visited El Wedj in company with Major Surtees, and has favoured us with some photographs of the place.

At the meeting of the British Association at Bath, Major Surtees has been invited to give an account of his visit to El Wedj last year. This town, opposite Kosseir, is the main, if not the only, harbour on a long stretch of shoal-defended coast. A fort was begun some years since by the Egyptian Government to protect the port, with the quarantine station, from any sudden descent of the turbulent tribes of the interior. The illustrations which we publish show that its construction was so bad that the stones of the parapet could be dislodged by hand; and a gun, when trained and fired, cracked the platform on which it rested. But if the interior of this fort is commanded by the hills behind, it has a substantial gateway, and may be a very important acquisition to the Turkish Government. The Porte now garrisons a continuous territory, through Asia Minor and Syria to Aden, with disciplined troops and experienced officers. The Egyptian Government have been relieved of a serious responsibility and a considerable expenditure. El Wedj ceased to be of importance to the Egyptians so soon as it was determined to send the sacred

carpet to Mecca by sea. Further inland, however, on the Egyptian pilgrim road to Mecca, there is another fortress of a very different sort. It dates from the solid age of Sultan Selim, and bears an inscription of Ibn-Toulour, which shows that in the ninth century the region was a province or dependency of the Sovereign at Cairo.

The Egypt of the ex-Khedive Ismail not only included the vast tracts of Equatorial Africa, but comprised a strip of territory in Arabia stretching southward from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to the Turkish frontier of Yemen. It was a subject of special attention when, ten years ago, Sir Richard Burton illumined its coral shores and barren hills with the glow of a trained and vivid mind. "Was it indeed," it was asked, "from these weird valleys that those Midianites came up, with all the existing and inevitable accompaniments of Bedouin life, to encamp against the Israelites, in that famous incursion which lives even yet in poetic verse, as well as in the records of Jewish history?" There was glitter as of gold in the hills of Midian. Sulphur mountains frowned above the remains of mining towns, while rock-hewn inscriptions of uncertain antiquity were found near ruins of an undoubted Roman origin. The vision faded. The prophecy that the land would wake from its lethargy was not fulfilled. The territory has been transferred to the Porte. Egypt in Arabia is now confined to the Sinaitic peninsula.

UNDER THE GROUSE MOORS.

"A capital place for a shot!" is the first natural thought of a sportsman as he comes upon this green, bracken-grown nook by the loch-side. And, see! as a footstep approaches the unfrequented spot, half a hundred rabbits, like so many routed skirmishers, disappear from the open spaces into their burrows among the fern. A hare or two, as well, may be startled here; and sometimes, with a sudden rush of wings, a covey of grouse will take flight for the heather of their native mountain. No wonder, therefore, that the sportsman, keen with the instincts of "the Twelfth," casts an approving glance at these grassy knolls.

"A choice spot for a picture!" exclaims the artist, as his eye takes in the natural features of the neighbourhood. And in the green foreground, with its lonely tree or two, and the darker upland rising away against the sky above, he sees another "Fringe of the Moor"; or, with a storm-swept heaven and a dash of driving rain, the essentials of another Cecil Lawson: while on the other hand, the breezy loch below and the masses of cloud and sunshine sweeping the surrounding mountains, suggest the material for a water-colour in the manner of Sam Bough. And, indeed, here, with the scent of the bog-myrtle from the moors above, and of the wild clover from the dry dyke-top beside him, filling the air—with the warm sunshine ripening the hazel-nuts in the corrie close by, and not a sound to be heard but the music of the loch's clear waters rippling at his feet, a painter might find for a week or two something like the paradise of his art.

"Another instance of the tyranny of landlords!" says the political reformer, who, knowing nothing of the circumstances of the case, catches sight of signs that the harrow has once been at work on the narrow strath, and leaps at once to the conclusion that the spot has been the scene of a depopulation by the proprietor for purposes of sport. And the rush-grown and furze-covered inclosures which once—it is too true!—were fruitful farm-land, offer a fit subject for grave misgivings, though by no means on the conventional lines of the popular land-agitator of to-day. The fields, indeed, which are cropped now only by the wild game of the mountain, once waved green and gold with the growing and ripening corn; and in the farm-house, falling to ruin now among the rowan-trees yonder, many a brood of stout lads and comely lasses has been reared. But it is not because of a landlord's rack-renting or because of a sportsman's eagerness after game that the once happy home has been left to decay, and the once fruitful soil to become again a wilderness. The cause lies elsewhere. As a matter of fact, the last tenant of the place paid only a nominal rent. His brother was his landlord, and by their father's will the farm here was secured to the younger son for life upon payment of a few shillings of annual rent per acre. His position, therefore, was as favourable as a Highland farmer's well could be. It is to the altered fiscal laws of the country that the desolation here is due. Since the repeal of the tax upon corn it has become more and more impossible to grow grain to profit in the uncertain climate of the hills. The distance from cities is too great for the tenant to find refuge in that final resource of modern farmers—the sending of milk to market. And so, no other means of livelihood upon the soil being apparent, the once green and fertile spot, like many another nook in the land, has been left to return to a state of nature, while the tiller of it and his children have drifted into the seething whirlpool of city life.

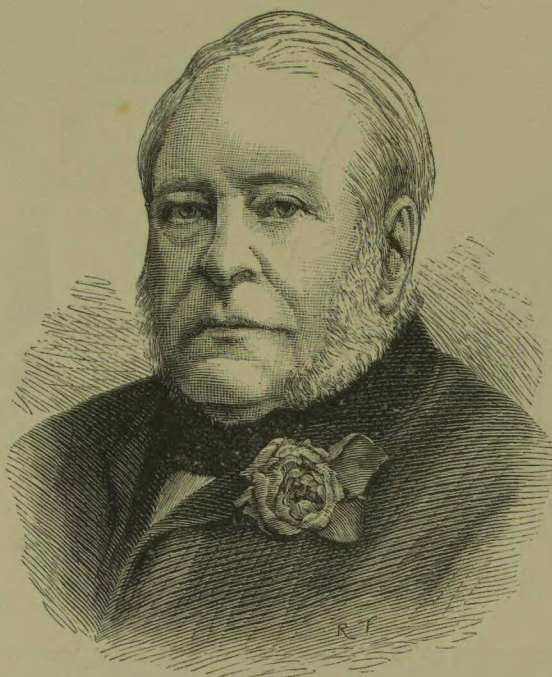
No thoughtful wanderer can come upon such a spot without asking himself whether it can be good for a country to be so stripped of its physical strength, knowing as he does that a stalwart yeomanry is the backbone of a nation? Involuntarily he recalls the fate of Rome when the peasantry of Italy had ceased to till the soil, and, crowding into the capital city, depended for their bread upon the corn of Egypt and of Sicily; and he would fain ask whether it may not be possible once more to people these silent places with a hardy and independent race?

It seems vain for many a year to hope for help to this end from Customs legislation. Not until America has ceased to pay for our manufactures with her wheat will it become apparent to the British voter that it is better for him physically to grow his grain than to buy it; and only when the majority of his trades have shared the fate of carpet-weaving, flour-milling, and sugar-refining, will he begin to doubt the wisdom of depending entirely upon his manufactures for bread, and begin to look again to native soil for his support. But already Greenock and Greenwich and Bristol have felt the pinch from the failure of the sugar industry; ever-increasing mutterings, as of a threatening volcano, come each winter from the seething "East-End"; and it may be well if, before long, that pool of city life be tapped, and the stream by gentle means directed into rural channels.

The growing of grain for sale will not, it is evident, within the near future prove a remunerative occupation in these remoter spots; and, indeed, at no time probably will it be possible to become wealthy upon the produce of these northern glens. But it is well to remember that a nation is not necessarily in the best state of prosperity merely when its pockets appear to be full. Rome was replete with silver and gold when she fell before the barbarian hosts. It would promise better for the country's future, and be immeasurably happier for the people themselves if some of the crowded East-End masses of her cities could be converted into open-air craftsmen and healthy peasants. The choice is not between the chance of wealth in London and in the country, but between the possibilities of robust physical life amid the smoke of Whitechapel and in the clear air of Argyll.

This change is not to be made by the passing of a law to lower arbitrarily the price of land. Such a law has always to be paid for by someone, and generally by those who have least cause to be mulcted. It is to private effort that the country must owe this service, and it lies with the people who have wealth (not necessarily the aristocracy, who are often poor) to find out new means of livelihood in the country, and to help, each man his quota of population, towards the using of such means. If Sir Ivan, for instance, the new owner of this strath, instead of spending his years aimlessly in bringing down pigeons at Hurlingham and grouse on the moors here, were to set himself the task of colonising these loch sides, he might find his reward in the rearing of a stalwart race, and would certainly do the State a valuable service. Why should he not, like the patricians of old Rome, take pride in being patron of a hundred clients, or, like the Highland chiefs, his forerunners, rejoice in the following of a prosperous clan? Many a happy cottage might nestle along these inland shores. There are fish enough in the loch for the catching; and the planting of the hills above with trees, while giving employment to many a labourer, would return in time a handsome

profit to the owner. Besides these, many an industry might be borrowed from abroad. Why should Swiss milk and toys be imported from the Alps, cheese and eggs from Holland, and honey from California? All these might be produced in such a spot as this, if people were only brought here and helped to use their hands. Their gardens themselves, of an acre or two, with the fish they could take from the loch, might afford them a living; while some such industry as the oyster-culture,



THE LATE MR. W. CHAPPELL.

which has proved so immense a success in the basin of Arcachon, might furnish them with the means of obtaining the necessities they could not produce.

Humble, of course, the lives of such colonists must be; but fresh air, healthy food, and comfortable shelter are the first essentials to happiness, and these, at least, would be free to dwellers here. However it may be brought about—whether by private effort, by co-operation, or by the delayed, and perhaps disastrous action of natural laws—it is evidently only by recourse to means such as these that the congestion of our city populations can be relieved, and spots like this, between loch and mountain, made once more the home of a healthy and independent race.

G. E. T.

THE LATE MR. W. CHAPPELL, F.S.A.

Mr. William Chappell, who died on Aug. 20, at the age of seventy-seven, was during many years the chief managing partner of the old musical firm, Messrs. Chappell and Co., of New Bond-street, established by his father, Mr. Samuel Chappell. In 1840 Mr. William Chappell founded the Musical Antiquarian Society, for which he edited Dowland's songs and a "Collection of English National Airs," giving their pedigrees and anecdotes connected with them, with an essay on "Minstrelsy in England." This was afterwards expanded into his "Popular Music of the Olden Time," published in two volumes, 1855-59. It was under Mr. Thomas Chappell's management that the great extension of Messrs. Chappell's business took



UNDER THE GROUSE MOORS.

place, and he was the projector of the Monday Popular Concerts and the Saturday Popular Concerts. Besides compiling a "History of Music," Mr. William Chappell assisted in editing "The Roxburghe Ballads," Bishop Percy's folio manuscript of "Ballads and Romances," and other literary works. He further wrote a treatise "On the Use of the Greek Language, Written Phonetically, in the Early Service Books of the Church of England."

Our Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street.

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

Our previous notice of this great celebration (which closed on Aug. 31) was necessarily incomplete, most of the performances having taken place too late for comment until now. The novelties were fewer on this occasion than at several previous festivals, disappointments having occurred that could not be foreseen by the directors. Important new works were arranged for with Anton Dvorák and Dr. Mackenzie, but circumstances prevented their completion.

To speak first of the special novelties that were actually produced at the festival just terminated; these were two in number—Dr. Parry's oratorio "Judith; or, The Regeneration of Manasseh" and Dr. Bridge's cantata "Callirhoë." The first-named work is based on text supplied by the composer himself, who has to some extent made use of Dean Prideaux's version of the Bible narrative.

"Judith" is one of the most ambitious of the many compositions by which Dr. Parry has gained prominence in recent years, and one of the most successful. The music is throughout scholarly in style, with alternations of a serious tone with a lighter melodic treatment that stands in agreeable relief thereto; there being less of that tendency towards a reflection of the exaggerated style of the modern German school than has been apparent in most of Dr. Parry's previous works. The several choruses of priests, people, Assyrians, and others, the music associated with the worship of Moloch, and that associated with the exploit of Judith, are full of varied and dramatic contrasts. Some of the solo music, too, is both impressive and beautiful; among several examples being Judith's ballad, "Long since, in Egypt's plenteous land," and Manasseh's solo, "God maketh the battle"; not to mention other instances. The choral and orchestral details of the oratorio were excellently rendered; and that the solo music received full justice in performance may be inferred from the fact of Miss Anna Williams having sung that of Judith, Madame Patey and Mr. Lloyd, respectively, that of the Queen and Manasseh, and Mr. Santley that of the High Priest and a Messenger; Masters P. Fry and A. Stephens having been efficient in the passages for the two children. The work was an entire success. A symphony of Haydn and Franz's choral psalm, "Praise ye the Lord," completed the programme of the day now referred to.

Dr. Bridge's cantata is associated with text supplied by Mr. Barclay Squire, who has taken for his subject the old Greek narrative of the love of Coreos, a Priest of Bacchus, for the beautiful Callirhoë, by whom he is scorned; the plague of madness drawn on the people at the invocation of the wrathful priest, and the decree of the oracle demanding the death of a victim, this being Callirhoë herself. The priest, in remorse, stabs himself instead; and, her aversion turning to admiration, she kills herself. A stream gushes forth, and the lovers are seen transformed to river deities.

Dr. Bridge's music successfully realises the romantic aspect of the text, while at the same time possessing much of melodic charm and interest. Several movements proved highly effective in performance; among them the graceful opening chorus, the prayer of Coreos, the chorus which follows it, the chorus of messengers to Dodona, Callirhoë's scena, "Woe is me," a processional march, and the jubilant final chorus. As in Dr. Parry's "Judith," effective use is made of representative themes. The solo music assigned to the different characters—Callirhoë, the Priestess, and Coreos—received all possible effect from its rendering, respectively, by Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, and Mr. Lloyd. The picturesque orchestral details included some characteristic imitations of the sound of brazen vessels in the Oracle scene. Of both the novelties above referred to fresh opportunity for comment will soon be offered by their repetition in London. "Callirhoë" (conducted by the composer) was a great and legitimate success.

Of those portions of the miscellaneous evening concerts not yet referred to it will be sufficient to say that the specialty at the second was Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," which retains its popularity, and has already been so frequently discussed as to need no further comment, beyond stating that the principal solo vocalists at Birmingham were Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Signor Foli. The following items of the programme included a pleasing overture, composed and conducted by Herr Grieg; a specialty on the third evening having been Miss Fanny Davies's fine rendering of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor.

Brief record may suffice of other performances of the week not previously noticed—"The Messiah," on Aug. 30 (with Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. C. Banks, and Signor Foli as solo vocalists); Bach's "Magnificat" on the following morning, the solos by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Banks, and Signor Foli; Beethoven's symphony in C minor; and Berlioz's "Requiem," the tenor solo in this by Mr. E. Lloyd; the festival having closed on Friday evening, Aug. 31, with Handel's "Saul," an oratorio that has been less frequently heard than several others of his works of that class. It is the fourth in the long list of his English oratorios, having immediately preceded "Israel in Egypt" and "The Messiah." "Saul" contains some grand choral writing that may compare with any of that in Handel's other oratorios. The solo portions at Birmingham were assigned to Misses Anna Williams and Ambler, Madame Patey, Mr. Banks, Mr. Piercy, Mr. Brereton, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Additional accompaniments by Mr. E. Prout were supplied.

The performances, orchestral and choral, during the festival, have been generally of high excellence, and the names of the solo vocalists, already incidentally given, are sufficiently indicative of efficiency in that respect. The duties of conductor have been worthily fulfilled by Dr. Hans Richter, as at the previous festival, in 1885, when he replaced the late Sir Michael Costa; and valuable service was rendered at the organ by Mr. C. W. Perkins (the successor to Mr. Stimpson); the co-operation of Mr. Stockley, as chorus-master, having had (as often before) great influence on the efficiency of the choral performances.

THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and sixty-fifth meeting of the cathedral choir of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester will take place in the first-named city, on Sept. 11 and three following days—an inaugural service being held in the cathedral on the previous Sunday, when a sermon with special reference to the occasion will be preached by the Rev. Canon Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. These festivals have for their primary object the affording aid to the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses. The money aid thus obtained arises entirely from collections made in the cathedral after the services and oratorio performances, and from subsequent donations—the proceeds from the sale

of tickets being applied exclusively to the festival expenses, any deficit in that respect being divided among the stewards. The number of these gentlemen has, during recent years, been largely augmented in consequence of some rather large losses sustained on former occasions. A similar occurrence is less likely now than ever, and, if taking place, will fall but lightly on the many who are responsible.

A complete and effective orchestra is provided for the forthcoming performances, Mr. J. T. Carrodus and Mr. V. Nicholson being engaged as leading violinists; the band also including many of our most skilled instrumentalists. The chorus comprises the members of the three associated cathedral choirs, augmented by additions from Bristol, St. George's (Windsor), Trinity College (Cambridge), and other sources; Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral, being the conductor.

The solo vocalists engaged are Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Ambler, Madame Enriquez, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley.

In accordance with frequent past custom, the opening performance of the festival (on Sept. 11) will consist of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the next day being appropriated to Handel's "Samson" and Sir Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata "The Woman of Samaria." In the evening (also in the cathedral) the first and second parts of Haydn's "Creation," Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam" will be performed; Thursday morning being appropriated to Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving" (produced at the recent opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition); Dr. Parry's ode, "Blest pair of Sirens," and Sir F. G. Osseley's oratorio, "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp." The climax to the cathedral performances will be, as usual, Handel's "Messiah" on the Friday morning.

Evening concerts in the Shirehall on Sept. 11 and 13, will include Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," and miscellaneous selections of vocal and instrumental music, a supplemental chamber concert, in the same locality, on the Friday evening, winding up the festival week.

The Marie Roze Opera Company—under the joint direction of Colonel Henry Mapleson and Mr. N. Vert—is giving a series of operatic performances in the provinces previous to the departure of Madame Marie Roze on her tour round the world. The coming absence of the eminent prima donna will, no doubt, add to the attractiveness of her provincial appearances.

The arrangements for the National Eisteddfod of Wales at Wrexham on Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7 included choral and instrumental competitions and "Elijah" and "The Messiah," with full orchestra and competent solo singers.

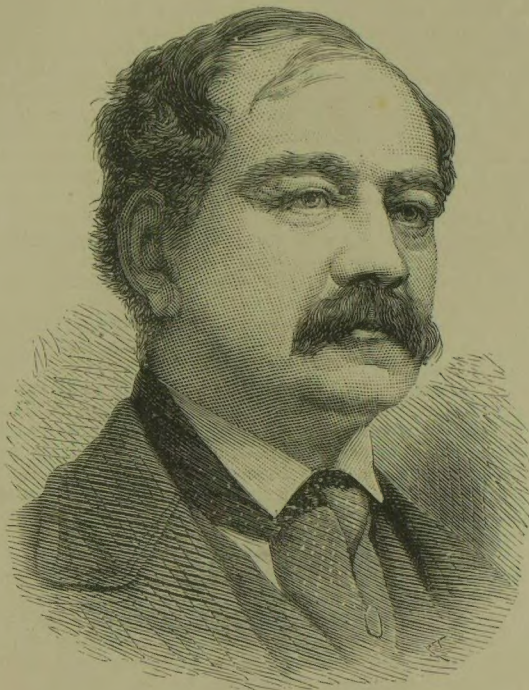
Mrs. Sydney Naylor, better known in operatic life as Madame Blanche Cole, died recently from dropsy. This popular artist was born at Portsmouth in 1851, and as a girl of eighteen she first appeared on the stage at the Crystal Palace as Amina in "La Sonnambula." Her success was almost immediate.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Some feelings of regret, almost of pity—for a ship, though she does not actually suffer, like a living creature, seems endowed with a sort of personality—may be aroused by the final doom of destruction, after many years of humiliating idleness, that will soon put an end to the largest vessel ever set afloat by human skill and industry. The Great Eastern has made her last voyage; on Saturday, Aug. 25, she arrived in the Mersey, towed by two Liverpool steam-tugs, the Stormcock and the Pathfinder, having been assisted in this manner to pass from the Clyde, where she had been moored, between Helensburgh and Greenock, since December. She was under the command of Captain Collier, who had charge of the ship on behalf of the present owners, Messrs. Henry Bath and Co., of Liverpool and London, and was manned by a crew of about 115 hands all told. She was accompanied by a Liverpool pilot (Mr. Dudley), who took charge of her off the Calf of Man. She was off the bar at an early hour in the morning, and came into the Mersey with the flood tide. Her progress up the river was naturally watched with interest from both shores, the Liverpool landing-stages being crowded at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour she passed up to the Sloynce. It was noticed that since she was last seen in the Mersey she had been divested of her huge paddle-wheels. Her draught of water was 15 ft. forward and 21 ft. aft. About an hour after high water the vessel was beached on the Cheshire shore, a short distance south of the New Ferry Pier, where, at low water, the huge hull stands high and dry. She is fastened with two kedge anchors from each bow. Large numbers of people went by the New Ferry and Eastham Ferry steamers for the purpose of seeing the big ship. It is understood that the owners will proceed to have her dismantled and broken up at once. Her ponderous machinery will first be taken out, and, if she can be lightened of this weight in time to take advantage of the next spring tides, the hull will probably be floated higher up the beach to facilitate the operations. It is estimated that about £20,000—an amount equal to the price paid for her by Messrs. Bath and Co.—will be expended in converting the ship into portable fragments.

Many persons among us will remember, above thirty years ago, the construction of this immense steam-ship, which was commenced on May 1, 1854, in the yard of Messrs. Scott Russell and Co., at Millwall, under the direction of the eminent engineer, Mr. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the original designer. The name at first given to her was "The Leviathan," which was changed to "The Great Eastern" when the ship was finished, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company having intended to employ this vessel in the Indian and Australian trade. Mr. J. Scott Russell took the contract for building the ship and supplying the paddle-engines, while the engines for the screw-propeller were furnished by Messrs. Watt and Co., of Birmingham. It was expected that the combination of screw and paddles, worked by steam-power, with large sails carried by five or six masts, would be supremely advantageous. But the engines were insignificant, compared with those in use at the present day; those for the screw-propeller were of 1600-horse power, and the paddle-engines of 1200-horse power (nominal), while the screw was 24 ft. in diameter, and the paddle-wheels 56 ft. The locomotive power was always deficient for the size of the vessel, which had a length of 691 ft., 83 ft. width of beam, and a depth exceeding 60 ft., with a capacity of 22,500 tons burthen—about twice the size, on the whole, of the largest ships that are now built. It was an engineering mistake; the form of the hull was a mistake in naval architecture; and the project of having so big a vessel

was a commercial mistake. The ship had no keel whatever, being shaped very much like an Indian's birch-bark canoe, though not tapering off at the stern; consequently, she rolled a great deal in any heavy sea, the waves frequently washing over her sides, in spite of their great height; but her length, more than the eighth part of a mile, forbade pitching fore and aft. It is quite conceivable that she might have been swamped, but her length was divided into eleven water-tight



THE LATE LORD ALFRED PAGET.

compartments, and a hole in her bottom would not have sunk her, though she would soon have got her back broken if stuck on a rock. The bottom was double, formed of two skins of half-inch thick iron, with a space between, the air in which gave more buoyancy than is desirable at the bottom of a vessel, increasing her tendency to roll. The hull was ingeniously strengthened by the bulkheads and the transverse iron beams and two longitudinal tunnels or tubes of iron; yet no seaman could doubt the possibility of its being torn asunder if ever it were fixed on the rocks in a stormy sea. It was Brunel's idea that this huge steamship should carry five or six thousand tons of coal, sufficient for the double voyage outward and homeward, which would save the expense of coaling abroad; but he, and the commercial men who employed him, apparently did not consider that there would be some uncertainty and delay in getting a cargo of 10,000 tons or more for a single ship in a distant port. As the result proved, such an amount of traffic was not to be obtained, and neither the voyage to New York, nor the voyages to

anxious weeks in November of 1857, was a most difficult task. As she could not be launched end on, because the Thames at Millwall is not wide enough, she had been built with her broadside to the water's edge on an inclined floor with a gradient of one in twelve, down which she was to be pushed, a distance of 260 ft., by the action of hydraulic engines or rams along the upper broadside. Messrs. Tredwell, of Gloucester, undertook this operation, but the engines and the pushing apparatus could not always work simultaneously and uniformly, and only a few yards, feet, or inches of movement could be effected in a day; the ship appeared more than once to get askew, and to stick fast immovably. Two or three men were killed by the accidental breaking of a chain. Mr. Brunel, who came daily to superintend the launching, surrounded by crowds of spectators, was terribly distressed; and when the ship was got into shallow water, still fast aground, the further launching was deferred for the high tides. At length, on Jan. 31, 1858, the Great Eastern was got afloat; many thousands of visitors were admitted on board to view the ship, of which there were several illustrations in our own Journal. The hull and engines, so far, had cost about £640,000, but the original Great Eastern Ship Company was obliged within a twelvemonth to sell her for £160,000 to a new company, which at the end of 1858 was fitting out the great ship as she lay in the Thames. She was designed to go round the Cape to the port of Trincomalee, in Ceylon, in thirty days, thence to Calcutta and Madras, then to Singapore, to Hong-Kong, and to Sydney and Melbourne, delivering and gathering cargo at each of those ports, and then to come home. As a mercantile traffic speculation, this route did not find favour with the commercial world; and the trial trip down the Channel was attended with an alarming disaster, the blowing-up of a steam-reservoir around the funnel, which scalded ten poor fellows to death, and frightened away passengers, though it was an accident that might have happened on board another vessel. The Great Eastern was afterwards offered to Government for a troop-ship to convey 10,000 soldiers at once; and the experience, then recent, of the Indian Mutiny, was made an argument in favour of this proposal. But the War Office, or the Admiralty, did not think it prudent to risk so large a part of the British Army in one bottom. Troops could be sent to India more quickly by the Overland route and the Red Sea; there was no Suez Canal; and if there had been, the Great Eastern could never have got through it. In June, 1861, the Great Eastern took on board 3300 troops for Canada, but was caught in a storm, and put back seriously damaged. She had made a show trip to New York in 1860, doing the voyage in ten days and a half. The only great and useful performance that this extraordinary ship ever achieved was in laying the Atlantic telegraph cable in July, 1866, and recovering a cable lost the year before. For some time she was exhibited as a show, and has been on view at New York, at Melbourne, and at New Orleans. Latterly, being no longer seaworthy, it was intended by a private purchaser to convert her into a coaling-hulk at Gibraltar. One might have fancied that she would do for a kind of floating hotel or boarding-house, moored in some deep and safe inlet of the western British or Irish coasts. Her doom has now been uttered; she is to be broken up for old iron: so ends the dream of Mr. Brunel, a man of genius in his way, enamoured of grand and mighty works, but with an imagination that often far overleapt the calculations of prudence, and for whose designs, magnificent as they were, shareholders had no particular cause to be grateful. His death, on Sept. 15, 1859, was thought to have been hastened by grief and worry on account of the Great Eastern, and many other people wished that she had never been built.

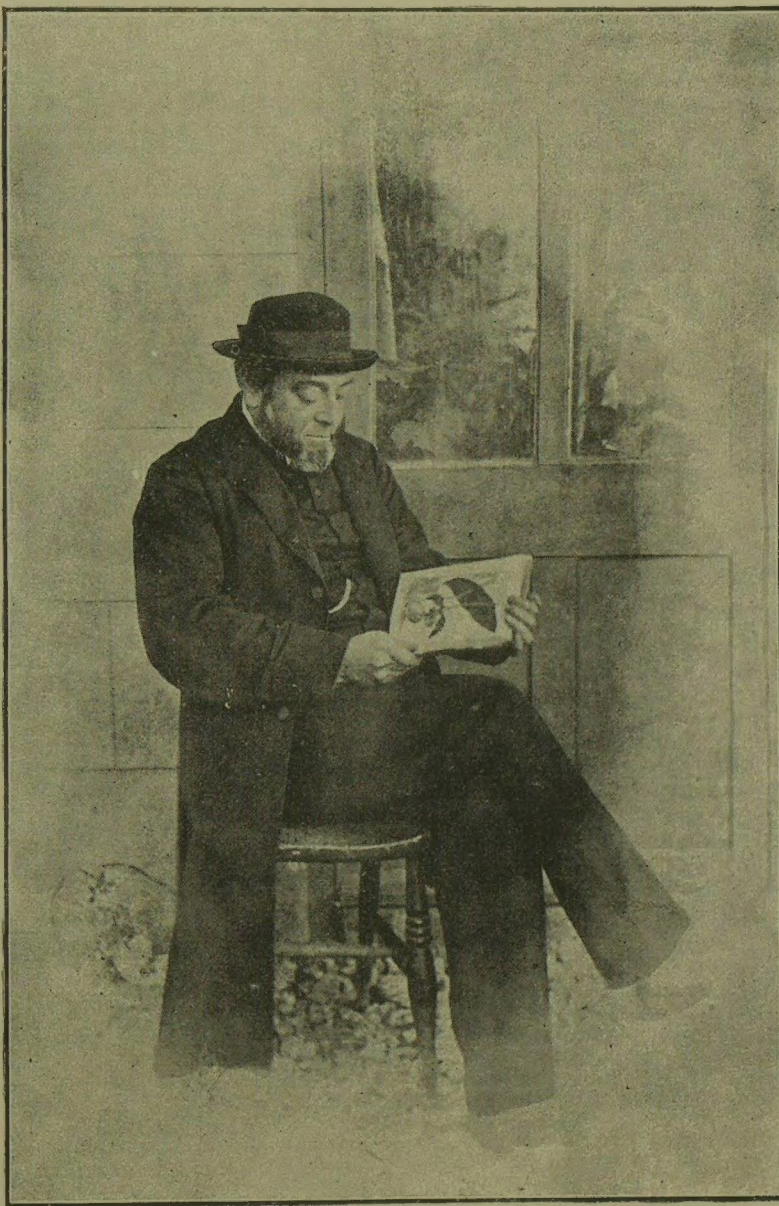
THE LATE LORD ALFRED PAGET.

The death of Lord Alfred Paget, a gentleman long and well known, both as a member of Parliament and as one of the ablest and most useful officials of the Royal household, took place on Aug. 24. His Lordship was the third son of Field Marshal the Marquis of Anglesey, and was born in 1816. He was educated at Westminster School, served in the 1st Life Guards, and was placed on the retired list, with the rank of General, in 1881. He represented Lichfield in the House of Commons from 1837 to July, 1865. He was Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal to the Queen from 1846 till 1874, when he resigned the office of Chief Equerry. He married, in 1847, a daughter of General Thomas Wyndham, of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, and had several sons and daughters. His death took place on board his yacht in the Caledonian Canal, near Inverness, and was caused by a chill taken in grouse-shooting.

The Portrait of the late Lord Alfred Paget is from a photograph by Messrs. Boning and Small.

THE LATE MR. P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.

This eminent naturalist, whose death has lately been announced, was born at Worcester, in 1810, but was brought up at Poole, in Dorset, and in early youth was sent as a mercantile clerk to Newfoundland. There he passed eight years, and spent three years in Lower Canada. He devoted himself to the study of zoology and entomology, travelled through the United States, and resided about a year in Alabama, making a large collection of drawings of insects. After his return to England, in 1839, Mr. Gosse published a general synopsis of his investigations. In 1844 he visited Jamaica, there spent eighteen months in the study of zoology, and issued on his return "The Birds of Jamaica," an "Atlas of Illustrations," and "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica." During the next few years he published an "Introduction to Zoology," and prepared many works for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He then applied himself especially to the microscopic study of the British rotifera, and took part in the formation of public and private collections of marine animals. In 1856 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Among Mr. Gosse's works are—"The Aquarium," 1854; "A Manual of Marine Zoology," 1855; "Tenby, a Seaside Holiday," 1856; "Life in its Lower, Intermediate, and Higher Forms," 1857; "Actinologia Britannica; a History of the British Sea Anemones and Corals," 1860; "The Romance of Natural History," 1860-62; "A Year at the Shore" and "Land and Sea," 1865. His scientific merits were acknowledged by his election to the Royal Society. His son, Mr. Edmund Gosse, is well known as a literary critic and scholar.



THE LATE MR. P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S.

Bombay, or to Melbourne, were profitable to the owners. Passengers soon found that the Great Eastern was not a comfortable vehicle, in spite of her large and airy state-rooms and the extensive promenade on her deck. There was space enough to accommodate four thousand passengers of different classes, but those who embarked were only the few attracted by curiosity and novelty, and did not care to repeat the experience. The launching of the Great Eastern, which occupied several

Lord James Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensberry, was married on Sept. 4, at Hawick, in the Roman Catholic Church, to Mrs. Martha Lucy Hennessy, of Kensington Court, London.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBBEON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAIDS OF TAUNTON.



NEXT day was made remarkable in our eyes by an event which, though doubtless of less importance than the enlistment of a dozen recruits, seemed to us a very great thing indeed—namely, the presentation to the Duke of the colours embroidered for him by Susan Blake's schoolgirls. I was myself permitted to walk with the girls on this occasion, as if I had been one of them, though a stranger to the place, and but newly arrived—such was the kindness of Susan Blake and her respect for the name of the learned and pious Dr. Comfort Eykin.

At nine of the clock the girls who were to carry the flags began to gather in the school-room. There were twenty-seven in all; but twelve only were the pupils of Miss Blake. The others were the pupils of Mrs. Musgrave, another school-mistress in the town. I remember not the names of all the girls, but some of them I can still write down. One was Katharine Bovet, daughter of Colonel Bovet: she it was who walked first and named to the Duke those who followed; there was also Mary Blake, cousin of Susan, who was afterwards thrown into prison with her cousin, but presently was pardoned. Miss Hucker, daughter of Captain Hucker, the Master-Sergemajor who entertained the Duke, was another; there were three daughters of Captain Herring, two daughters of Mr. Thomas Baker, one of Monmouth's Privy Councillors; there was Mary Meade, the girl who carried the famous Golden Flag; and others whom I have forgotten. When we were assembled, being dressed all in white, and each maid wearing the Monmouth colours, we took our flags and sallied forth. In the street there was almost as great a crowd to look on as the day before, when the Duke rode in; and, certainly, it was a very pretty sight to see. First marched a man, playing on the crowd very briskly; after him, one who beat a fabor, and one who played a fife; so that we had music on our march. When the music stopped, we lifted our voices and sang a Psalm all together; that done, the crowder began again.

As for the procession, no one surely had ever seen the like of it! After the music walked six-and-twenty maids, the youngest eight and the eldest not more than twelve. They marched two by two, very orderly, all dressed in white with blue favours, and every girl carrying in her hands a flag of silk embroidered by herself, assisted by Miss Blake or some other older person, with devices appropriate to the nature of the enterprise in hand. For one flag had upon it, truly figured in scarlet silk, an open Bible, because it was for liberty to read and expound that book that the men were going forth to fight. Upon another was embroidered a great cross; upon a third were the arms of the Duke; a fourth bore upon it, to show the zeal of the people, the arms of the town of Taunton; and a fifth had both a Bible and a drawn sword; and so forth, every one with a legend embroidered upon it plain for all to read. The flags were affixed to stout white staves, and as the maids walked apart from each other and at a due distance, the flags all flying in the wind, made a pretty sight indeed; so that some of the women who looked on shed tears. Among the flags was one which I needs must mention, because, unless the device was communicated by some person deep in the Duke's counsels, it most strangely jumped with the event of the following day. Mary Meade, poor child! carried it. We called it the Golden Flag, because it had a crown worked in gold thread upon it, and the letters "J.R." A fringe of lace was sewn round it, so that it was the richest flag of all. What could the Crown with the letters "J.R." mean; but that James, Duke of Monmouth, would shortly assume the Crown of these three kingdoms?

Last of all walked Miss Susan Blake, and I by her side. She bore in one hand a Bible bound in red leather stamped with gold, and in the other a naked sword.

The Duke came forth to meet us, standing bareheaded before the porch. There were standing beside and behind him, the Lord Grey, his two chaplains, Dr. Hooke and Mr. Ferguson, my father, Mr. Larke, the Baptist minister of Lyme Regis (he wore a corslet and carried a sword), and the Colonels of his regiments. His bodyguard were drawn up across the street, looking brave and splendid in their new favours. The varlets waited beyond with the horses for the Duke's party. Who, to look upon the martial array, the bravery of the Guard, the gallant bearing of all, the confidence in their looks, and the presence, which should surely bring a blessing, of the ministers of religion, would think that all this pomp and promise could be shattered at a single blow?

As each girl advanced in her turn, she knelt on one knee and offered her flag, bowing her head (we had practised this ceremony several times at the school until we were all quite perfect in our parts). Then the Duke stepped forward and raised her, tenderly kissing her. Then she stood aside holding her flag still in her hands.

My turn—because I had no flag—came last but one, Miss Susan Blake being the last. Now—I hope it was not folly, or a vainglorious desire to be distinguished by any particular notice of his Grace—I could not refrain from hanging the ring, which the Duke had given me at Ilchester five years ago, outside my dress by a blue ribbon. Miss Blake, to whom I had told the story of the ring, advised me to do so, partly to show my loyalty to the Duke, and partly because it was a pretty thing and one which some women would much desire to possess.

Miss Katharine Bovet informed the Duke that I was the daughter of the learned preacher, Dr. Comfort Eykin. When I knelt he raised me. Then, as he was about to salute me, his eyes fell upon the ring, and he looked first at me and then at the ring.

"Madam," he said, "this ring I ought to know. If I mistake not, there are the initials of 'J. S.' upon it?"

"Sir," I replied, "the ring was your own. Your Grace was so good as to bestow it upon me in your progress through the town of Ilchester, five years ago."

"Gad so!" he said, laughing; "I remember now. 'Twas a sweet and lovely child whom I kissed—and now thou art a sweet and lovely maiden. Art thou truly the daughter of Dr. Comfort Eykin?"—he looked behind him; but my father

neither heard nor attended, being wrapped in thought. "'Tis strange: his daughter! 'Tis indeed wonderful that such a child should"—Here he stopped. "Fair Rose of Somerset I called thee then. Fair Rose of Somerset I call thee again. Why, if I could place thee at the head of my army all England would certainly follow, as if Helen of Troy or Queen Venus herself did lead." So he kissed me on the cheek with much warmth—more, indeed, than was necessary to show a gracious and friendly goodwill; and suffered me to step aside. "Dr. Eykin's daughter!" he repeated, with a kind of wonder. "How could Dr. Eykin have such a daughter!"

When I told Robin of this gracious salutation he first turned very red and then he laughed. Then he said that everybody knew the Duke, but he must not attempt any Court freedoms in the Protestant camp; and if he were to try—then he broke off short, changed colour again, and then he knelt, saying that, of course, the Duke meant nothing but kindness, but that, for his own part, he desired not his sweetheart to be kissed by anybody but himself. So I suppose my boy was jealous. But the folly of being jealous of so great a Prince, who could not possibly have the least regard for a simple country maiden, and who had known the great and beautiful Court ladies! It made me laugh to think that Robin could be so foolish as to be jealous of the Duke.

Then it was Miss Susan Blake's turn. She stepped forward very briskly, and knelt down and placed the Bible in the Duke's left hand and the sword in his right.

"Sir," she said (speaking the words we had made up and she had learned), "it is in the name of the women of Taunton—nay, of the women of all England—that I give you the Book of the Word of God, the most precious treasure vouchsafed to man, so that all may learn that you are come for no other purpose than to maintain the right of the English people to search the Scriptures for themselves. I give you also, Sir, a sword with which to defend those rights. In addition, Sir, the women can only give your Grace the offering of their continual prayers in behalf of the Cause, and for the safety and prosperity of your Highness and your army."

"Madam," said the Duke, much moved by this spectacle of devotion, "I am come, believe me, for no other purpose than to defend the truths contained in this book, and to seal my defence with my blood, if that need be."

Then the Duke mounted and we marched behind him in single file, each girl led by a soldier, till we came to the camp, when our flags were taken from us and we returned home and took off our white dresses. I confess that I laid mine down with a sigh. White becomes every maiden, and my only wear till then had been of russet brown. And all that day we acted over again—in our talk and in our thoughts—our beautiful procession, and we repeated the condescending words of the Duke, and admired the graciousness of his kisses, and praised each other for our admirable behaviour, and listened, with pleasure unspeakable, while Susan Blake prophesied that we should become immortal by the ceremony of that day.

CHAPTER XIX.

KING MONMOUTH AND HIS CAMP.

Next day, the town being thronged with people and the young men pressing in from all quarters to enrol themselves (over four thousand joined the colours at Taunton alone), another proclamation was read—that, namely, by which the Duke claimed the throne. Many opinions have been given as to this step. For the Duke's enemies maintain—first, that his mother was never married to King Charles the Second (indeed, there is no doubt that the King always denied the marriage); next, that an illegitimate son could never be permitted to sit upon the ancient throne of this realm; and, thirdly, that in usurping the Crown the Duke broke faith with his friends, to whom he had solemnly given his word that he would not put forward any such pretensions. Nay, some have gone so far as to allege that he was not the son of Charles at all, but of some other whom they even name; and they have pointed to his face as showing no resemblance at all to that swarthy and gloomy-looking King. On the other hand, the Duke's friends say that there were in his hands clear proof of the marriage; that the promise given to his friends was conditional, and one which could set be aside by circumstances; that the country gentry, to whom a Republic was most distasteful, were afraid that he designed to re-establish that form of government; and, further, that his friends were all fully aware, from the beginning, of his intentions.

On these points I know nothing; but when a thing has been done, it is idle to spend time in arguing that it was well or ill done. James, Duke of Monmouth, was now James, King of Great Britain and Ireland; and if we were all rebels before, who had risen in the name of religion and liberty, I suppose we were all ten times as much rebels now, when we had, in addition, set up another King, and declared King James to be an usurper, and no more than the Duke of York. Nay, that there might be wanting no single circumstance of aggravation, it was in this Proclamation declared that the Duke of York had caused his brother, the late King, to be secretly poisoned. I know not what foundation exists for this accusation; but I have been told that it gave offence unto many, and that it was an ill-advised thing to say.

The Proclamation was read aloud at the Market Cross by Mr. Tyley, of Taunton, on the Saturday morning, before a great concourse of people. It ended with the words, "We therefore, the noblemen, gentlemen, and Commons at present assembled, in the names of ourselves and of all the loyal and Protestant noblemen, gentlemen, and Commons of England, in pursuance of our duty and allegiance, and for the delivering of the Kingdom from Popery, tyranny, and oppression, do recognise, publish, and proclaim the said high and mighty Prince James, Duke of Monmouth, as lawful and rightful Sovereign and King, by the name of James II., by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. GOD SAVE THE KING!"

After this the Duke was always saluted as King, prayed for as King, and styled "His Majesty." He also touched some (as only the King can do) for the king's evil, and, it is said, wrought many miracles of healing—a thing which, being noised abroad, should have strengthened the faith of the people in him. But the malignity of our enemies caused these cases of healing to be denied, or else explained as fables and inventions of the Duke's friends.

Among the accessions of this day was one which I cannot forbear to mention. It was that of an old soldier who had been one of Cromwell's captains, Colonel Basset by name. He rode in—being a man advanced in years, yet still strong and hale—at the head of a considerable company raised by himself. 'Twas hoped that his example would be followed by the adhesion of many more of Cromwell's men, but the event proved otherwise. Perhaps, being old Republicans, they were deterred by the Proclamation of Monmouth as King. Perhaps they had grown slothful with age, and were now unwilling to face once more the dangers and fatigues of a campaign. Another recruit was the once-famous Colonel Perrot, who had been engaged with Colonel Blood in the robbery of the Crown Jewels—though the addition of a robber to our army was not

a matter of pride. He came, it was afterwards said, because he was desperate, his fortunes broken, and with no other hope than to follow the fortunes of the Duke.

It became known in the course of the day that the army was to march on the Sunday. Therefore, everybody on Saturday evening repaired to the camp: some to bid farewell and Godspeed to their friends, and others to witness the humours of a camp. I was fortunate in having Robin for a companion and protector—the place being rough and the behaviour and language of the men coarse even beyond what one expects at a country fair. The recruits still kept pouring in from all parts; but, as I have already said, many were disheartened when they found that there were no arms, and went home again. They were not all riotous and disorderly. Some of the men, those, namely, who were older and more sober-minded, we found gathered together in groups, earnestly engaged in conversation.

"They are considering the Proclamation," said Robin. "Truly, we did not expect that our Duke would so soon become King. They say he is illegitimate. What then? Let him mount the throne by right of arms, as Oliver Cromwell could have done had he pleased—who asks whether Oliver was illegitimate or no? The country will not have another Commonwealth—and it will no longer endure a Catholic King. Let us have King Monmouth, then: who is there better?"

In all the camp there was none who spoke with greater cheerfulness and confidence than Robin. Yet he did not disguise from himself that there might be warm work.

"The King's troops," he said, "are closing in all round us. That is certain. Yet, even if they all join we are still more numerous and in much better heart; of that I am assured. At Wellington, the Duke of Albemarle commands the Devonshire Militia; Lord Churchill is at Chard with the Somerset Regiment; Lord Bath is reported to be marching upon us with the Cornishmen; the Duke of Beaufort hath the Gloucester Militia at Bristol; Lord Pembroke is at Chippenham with the Wiltshire Trainbands; Lord Feversham is on the march with the King's standing army. What then? are these men Protestants or are they Papists? Answer me that, Sweetheart."

Alas! had they been true Protestants there would have been such an answer as would have driven King James across the water three years sooner.

The camp was now like a fair, only much finer and bigger than any fair I have ever seen. That of Lyme Regis could not be compared with it. There were booths where they sold gingerbread, cakes, ale, and cider; Monmouth favours for the recruits to sew upon their hats or sleeves; shoes and stockings were sold in some, and even chap-books were displayed. There was a puppet show with Patient Grizzle; and a stand where a monkey danced. Men and women carried about in baskets last year's withered apples, with Kentish cobs and walnuts; there were booths where they fried sausages and roasted pork all day long; tumblers and clowns were performing in others; painted and dressed-up girls danced in others; there was a bull-baiting; a man was making a fiery oration on the Duke's proclamation: but I saw no one preaching a sermon. There were here and there companies of country lads exercising with pike and halbert; and others, more advanced, with the loading and firing of their muskets. There were tables at which sat men with cards and dice, gambling; shouting when they won and cursing when they lost; others, of more thrifty mind, sat on the ground practising their trade of tailor or cobbler—thus losing no money, though they did go soldiering; some polished weapons and sharpened swords, pikes, and scythes; nowhere did we find any reading the Bible, or singing of hymns, or listening to sermons. Save for the few groups of sober men of whom I have spoken, the love of amusement carried all away; and the officers of the army, who might have turned them back to sober thought, were not visible. Everywhere noise; everywhere beating of drums, playing of pipes, singing of songs, bawling and laughing. Among the men there ran about a number of saucy gipsy girls, their brown faces showing under red kerchiefs, their black eyes twinkling (truly they are pretty creatures to look upon when they are young; but they have no religion, and say of themselves that they have no souls). These girls talked with each other in their own language, which none out of their own nation—except the tinker-folk, who are said to be their cousins—understand. But English they talk very well, and they are so clever that, it is said, they will talk to a Somersetshire man in good broad Somerset, and to a man of Norfolk in his own speech, though he of Norfolk would not understand him of Somerset.

"They are the vultures," said Robin, "who follow for prey. Before the battle these women cajole the soldiers out of their money, and after the battle their men rob and even murder the wounded and plunder the dead."

Then one of them ran and stood before us.

"Let me tell thy fortune, handsome gentleman? Let me tell thine, fair lady? A sixpence or a groat to cross my palm, Captain, and you shall know all that is to happen."

Robin laughed, but gave her sixpence.

"Look me in the face, fair lady"—she spoke good, plain English, this black-eyed wench, though but a moment before she had been talking broad Somerset to a young recruit—"look me in the face; yes. All is not smooth. He loves you; but there will be separation and trouble. One comes between, a big man with a red face; he parts you. There is a wedding, I see your Ladyship plain. Why, you are crying at it, you cry all the time; but I do not see this gentleman. Then there is another wedding—yes, another—and I see you at both. You will be twice married. Yet, be of good heart, fair lady."

She turned away and ran after another couple, no doubt with much the same tale.

"How should there be a wedding," I asked, "if I am there and you not there, Robin—and I to be crying? And how could I—oh! Robin—how could I be married twice?"

"Nay, Sweetheart, she could not tell what wedding it was. She only uttered the gibberish of her trade; I am sorry that I wasted a sixpence upon her."

"Robin, is it magic that they practise—these gipsies? Do they traffic with the Devil? We ought not to suffer witches to live amongst us."

"Most are of opinion that they have no other magic than the art of guessing, which they learn to do very quickly, putting things together, from their appearance; so that if brother and sister walk out together they are taken to be lovers, and promised a happy marriage and many children."

That may be so, and perhaps the fortune told by this gipsy was only guess-work. But I cannot believe it; for the event proved that she had in reality possessed an exact knowledge of what was about to happen.

Some of the gipsy women—but these were the older women, who had lost their good looks, though not their impudence—were singing songs, and those, as Robin told me, songs not fit to be sung; and one old crone, sitting before her tent beside a roaring wood-fire over which hung a great saucypan, sold charms against shot and steel. The lads bought these greedily, giving sixpence apiece for them; so that the old witch must have made a sackful of money. They came and looked on shyly. Then one would say to the other, "What thinkest,



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Let me tell thy fortune, handsome gentleman? Let me tell thine, fair lady? A sixpence or a groat, to cross my palm, Captain, and you shall know all that is to happen."

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

lad? Is there aught in it?" And the other would say, "Truly, I know not; but she is a proper witch, and I'll buy one. We may have to fight. Best make sure of a whole skin." And so he bought one, and then all bought. The husbands of the gipsy women were engaged, meantime, we understood, in robbing the farm-yards in the neighbourhood, the blame being afterwards laid upon our honest soldiers.

Then there was a ballad-monger singing a song about a man and a broom, and selling it (to those who would buy) printed on a long slip of paper. The first lines were—

There was an old man and he lived in a wood,
And his trade it was making a broom.

but I heard no more, because Robin hurried me away. Then there were some who had drunk too much cider or beer, and were now reeling about with stupid faces and glassy eyes; there were some who were lying speechless or asleep upon the grass; and some were cooking supper over fires after the manner of the gipsies.

"I have seen enough, Robin," I said. "Alas for sacred Religion if these are her defenders!"

"'Tis always so," said Robin, "in time of war. We must encourage our men to keep up their hearts. Should we be constantly reminding them that to-morrow half of them may be lying dead on the battle-field? Then they would mope and hang their heads, and would presently desert."

"One need not preach of death, but one should preach of godliness and of sober joy. Look but at those gipsy wenches and those lads rolling about drunk. Are these things decent? If they escape the dangers of war, will it make them happy to look back upon the memory of this camp? Is it fit preparation to meet their Maker?"

"In times of peace, sweet Saint, these lads remember easily that in the midst of life we are in death, and they govern themselves accordingly. In times of war every man hopes for his own part to escape with a whole skin, though his neighbour fall. That is why we are all so blithe and jolly. Let us now go home, before the night falls and the mirth becomes riotous and unseemly."

We passed a large booth, whence there issued sounds of singing. It was a roofless inclosure of canvas. Some ale-house man of Taunton had set it up. Robin drew aside the canvas door.

"Look in," he said. "See the brave defenders of Religion keeping up their hearts."

It was furnished with benches and rough tables: at one end were casks. The benches were crowded with soldiers, every man with a pot before him, and the varlets were running backwards and forwards with cans of ale and cider. Most of the men were smoking pipes of tobacco, and they were singing a song which seemed to have no end. One bawled the lines, and when it came to the "Let the hautboys play!" and the "Huzza!" they all roared out together:—

Now, now, the Duke's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the troops on their march shall
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Now, now, the Duke's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the drums and the trumpets sound from the shore
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

They sang this verse several times over. Then another began—

Now, now, Lord Grey's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the troops on their march shall
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Now, now, Lord Grey's health,
And let the hautboys play,
While the drums and the trumpets sound from the shore
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Next a third voice took it up—

Now, now, the Colonel's health,
And let the hautboys play,

and then a fourth and a fifth, and the last verse was bawled as lustily and with so much joy that one would have thought the mere singing would have gotten them the victory. Men are so made, I suppose, that they cannot work together without singing and music to keep up their hearts. Sailors sing when they weigh anchor; men who unlade ships sing as they carry out the bales; even Cromwell's Ironsides could not march in silence, but sang Psalms as they marched.

The sun was set and the twilight falling when we left the camp; and there was no abatement of the roaring and singing, but rather an increase.

"They will go on," said Robin, "until the drink or their money gives out; then they will lie down and sleep. You have now seen our camp, Sweetheart. It is not, truth to say, as decorous as a conventicle, nor is the talk so godly as in Sir Christopher's hall. For rough fellows there must be rough play; in a month these lads will be veterans; the singing will have grown stale to them; the black-eyed gipsy-women will have no more power to charm away their money; they will understand the meaning of war; the camp will be sober if it is not religious."

So we walked homewards, I, for my part, saddened to think in what a spirit of riot these young men, whom I had pictured so full of godly zeal, were preparing to meet the chance of immediate death and judgment.

"Sweet," said Robin, "I read thy thoughts in thy troubled eyes. Pray for us. Some will fight none the worse for knowing that there are good women who pray for them."

We were now back in the town; the streets were still full of people, and no one seemed to think of bed. Presently we passed the Castle Inn; the windows were open, and we could see a great company of gentlemen sitting round a table on which were candles lit and bowls full of strong drink; nearly every man had his pipe at his lips and his glass before him, and one of them was singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. Their faces were red and swollen, as if they had taken too much. At one end of the table sat Humphrey. What? could Humphrey, too, be a reveller with the rest? His face, which was gloomy, and his eyes, which were sad, showed that he was not.

"The officers have supped together," said Robin. "It may be long before we get such good quarters again. A cup of hysy and a song in good fellowship, thou wilt not grudge so much?"

"Nay," I said, "'tis all of a piece. Like man, like master. Officers and men alike—all drinking and singing. Is there not one good man in all the army?"

As I spoke one finished a song at which all laughed, except Humphrey, and drummed the table with their fists and shouted.

Then one who seemed to be the president of the table turned to Humphrey.

"Doctor," he said, "thou wilt not drink, thou dost not laugh, and thou hast not sung. Thou must be tried by court-martial, and the sentence of the court is a brimming glass of punch or a song."

"Then, gentlemen," said Humphrey, smiling, "I will give you a song. But blame me not if you dislike it; I made the song in praise of the sweetest woman in the world." He took the guitar and struck the strings. When he began to sing my cheeks flamed and my breath came and went, for I knew the song; he had given it to me four years ago. Who

was the sweetest woman in the world? Oh! he made this song for me!—he made this song for me, and none but me! But these rude revellers would not know that—and I never guessed that the song was for me. How could I think that he would write these extravagancies for me? But poets cannot mean what they say—

As rides the moon in azure skies,
The twinkling stars beside;
As when in splendour she doth rise,
Their lesser lights they hide.
So beside Celia, when her face we see,
All unregarded other maidens be.

As Helen in the town of Troy
Shone fair beyond all thought,
That to behold her was a joy
By death too poorly bought.
So, when fair Celia deigns the lawn to grace
All life, all joy, dwells in her lovely face.

As the sweet river floweth by
Green banks and alders tall,
It stayeth not for prayer or sigh,
Nor answereth if we call.
So Celia heeds not though Love cry and weep;
She heavenward wendeth while we earthward creep.

The marbled Saint, so cold and pure,
Minds naught of earthly ways;
Nor can man's gauds entice or lure
That fixed heavenly gaze.
So, Celia, though thou Queen and Empress art,
To heaven, to heaven alone, belongs thy heart.

Now while Humphrey sang this song, a hush fell upon the revellers; they had expected nothing but a common drinking-song. After the bawling and the noise and the ribaldry 'twas like a breath of fresh air after the closeness of a prison; or like a drink of pure water to one half dead with thirst.

"Robin," I said, "there is one good man in the camp." I say that while Humphrey sang this song—which, to be sure, was neither a drinking-song, nor a party song, nor a song of wickedness and folly—the company looked at each other in silence, and neither laughed nor offered to interrupt. Nay, there were signs of grace in some of their faces, which became grave and thoughtful. When Humphrey finished it, he laid down the guitar and rose up with a bow, saying, "I have sung my song, gentlemen all—and so, good-night!" and walked out of the room.

"Robin," I said again, "thank God, there is one good man in the camp! I had forgotten Humphrey."

"Yes," Robin replied; "Humphrey is a good man, if ever there was one. But he is glum. Something oppresses him. His eyes are troubled, and he hangs his head; or if he laughs at all, it is as if he would rather cry. Yet all the way home from Holland he was joyful, save when his head was held over the side of the ship. He sang and laughed; he spoke of great things about to happen. I have never known him more happy. And now his face is gloomy, and he sighs when he thinks no one watcheth him. Perhaps, like thee, Sweet, he cannot abide the noise and riot of the camp. He would fain see every man Bible in hand. To-day he spent two hours with the Duke before the Council, and was with thy father afterwards. 'Tis certain that the Duke hath great confidence in him. Why is he so gloomy? He bitterly reproached me for leaving Sir Christopher, as if he alone had a conscience to obey or honour to remember!"

Humphrey came forth at this moment and stood for a moment on the steps. Then he heaved a great sigh and walked away slowly, with hanging head, not seeing us.

"What is the matter with him?" said Robin. "Perhaps they flout him for being a physician. These fellows have no respect for learning or for anyone who is not a country gentleman. Well, perhaps when we are on the march he will again pick up his spirits. They are going to sing again. Shall we go, Child?"

But the president called a name, which made me stop a little longer.

"Barnaby!" he cried; "jolly Captain Barnaby! Now that Doctor Graveairs hath left us we will begin the night. Barnaby, my hero, thy song. Fill up, gentlemen! The night is young, and to-morrow we march. Captain Barnaby, tip us a sea-song. Silence, gentlemen, for the Captain's song."

It was my brother that they called upon—no other. He got up from his place at the summons and rose to his feet. Heavens! what a broad man he seemed compared with those who sat beside him! His face was red and his cheeks swollen because of the strong drink he had taken. In his hand he held a full glass of it. Robin called it hysy—and it is a mixture of wine, brandy, and water with lemon juice and sugar—very heady and strong.

Said not Barnaby that there was one religion for a landsman and another for a sailor? I thought of that as he stood looking round him. If it were so, it would be truly a happy circumstance for most sailors; but I know not on what assurance this belief can be argued. Then Barnaby waved his hand.

"Yoho! my lads!" he shouted. "The ship's in port and the crew has gone ashore!"

Then he began to sing in a deep voice which made the glasses ring—

Shut the door—lock the door—
Out of window fling the key.

Hasten; bring me more, bring me more:

Fill it up. Fill it up for me.

The daylight which you think,

The daylight which you think,

The daylight which you think,

'Tis but the candle's flicker:

The morning star will never wink,

The morning star will never wink,

'Till there cometh stint of liquor.

For 'tis tiddle, tiddle, tiddle all around the world, my lads,

And the sun in drink is nightly lapped and curled, my lads,

And to-night let us drink, and to-morrow we'll to sea;

For 'tis tiddle, tiddle, tiddle—yes, 'tis tiddle, tiddle, tiddle—

Makes the world and us to see.

"Take me home, Robin," I said, "I have seen and heard enough. Alas! we have need of all the prayers that we can utter from the depths of our heart, and more!"

(To be continued.)

The twenty-seventh annual show of the Derbyshire Agricultural and Horticultural Society has been held at Derby under favourable auspices, the entries being numerous.

Norwich Castle, so long used as a prison, having been acquired by the Corporation, will, at a cost of about £11,000, be turned into a public museum, art gallery, &c. The greater part of the money has been subscribed or promised, and it is expected that the remainder will be speedily obtainable, and that the alterations will shortly be proceeded with.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK. SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Queen has taken an opportunity, during her recent visit to Glasgow, of again and very emphatically expressing her sympathy with the higher education of women. Her Majesty visited and received an address from the committee of Queen Margaret's College, an institution which Mrs. John Elder, in 1884, presented to the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. The average number of students attending the college is 250. It is very pleasant to find wealthy women aiding in so generous a manner as Mrs. Elder did in presenting the college in the education of girls. It is quite clear that in a generation or two the extreme inequality in endowed and assisted education which now exists between girls and boys, and between young men and women, will be greatly reduced. So soon as public opinion sanctions such provision being made, generous and rich women are not wanting to supply the needful funds. Leaving the luckless "Holloway's" out of the question, Girton College has been the recipient of various munificent donations from women—notably, one from the late Miss Gamble, of Portland-place, who made the college her residuary legatee, and so provided it with over ten thousand pounds, out of which a new wing was built. Mrs. Abel Heywood left an equal sum to the women's classes of the Owen's College, provided the council will use it for that purpose; and Mrs. Elder's gift to the Glasgow College has been equally munificent. The approval accorded to such efforts by the Queen cannot fail to give an impetus to the happy wave of female generosity which is bringing higher education within the means of more and yet more girls. The Queen's reply to the address from the College included the following phrases:—"It is a source of gratification to me to hear of the success of Queen Margaret's College; every movement which tends to raise the position of women and to extend the sphere of their usefulness has my warm approval."

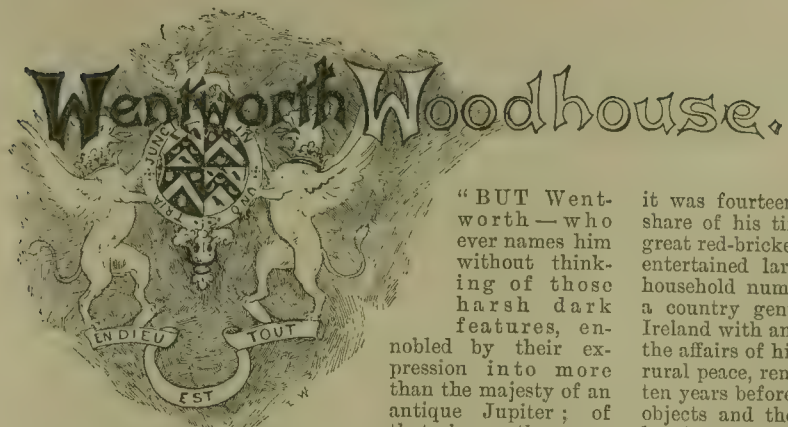
So the movement for "extending the sphere of usefulness" of women goes on, the time being ripe for it. There is, no doubt, another side of the shield, and some of the girls of the next generation may be disposed to envy their ancestresses who lived in quieter times; who learned to read, write, and keep the simplest accounts, and were then freed from all obligation to study, and were not expected to be any more highly cultivated. To whom much is given, from them much is required; and it would be idle to deny that the calm, domestic days led by our grandmothers were in some respects enviable. But one cannot live out of one's century, if one would; whatever its peculiar strain and effort, they must be borne as the price of its special advantages. Changed conditions have altered the position of women. Steam has taken full half of our old domestic work away, both by enabling manufactures to be best done on a large scale, and by increasing the ease with which manufactured goods can be conveyed to those who use them. Thus the work of women is taken from the home, and women must follow their work, and must in large numbers turn out of the domestic shelter to find their vocation, in the varied duties of the wider world. They must, then, be as well prepared as may be for the battle of life, and for the exercise in it of all their powers; for the more highly organised work in which women must now share demands the exertion of many intellectual and moral as well as physical capabilities that were little required in the more routine, though equally arduous, duties of old-fashioned house-keeping. If the modern conditions of women's labour press more hardly than older ones did on the idle, the feeble, and the incapable—the remedy, and the only possible remedy, is to reduce the number of such members of our sex, by improving both body and mind by education—which is the object of colleges for women.

Though this is the dull season in town, when the West-End is almost deserted, when the squares are given over to caretakers and cats, when the shopkeepers condescend to be on the watch for customers, and when hardly any but hack-carriages are seen in the streets; yet London is not without novelties. There are none in the world of fashion; but in those little matters which form suitable presents to take home to friends in the country there is as much that is fresh to be seen now, as at any other season. Amongst the newest things is a fir-cone brooch, the ornament itself being in gold, the series of little overlapping plates of the precious metal giving exactly the natural appearance, while the case in which it lies, nestling in the blue silk lining, is of leather, marked off to have a similar appearance. A novel development of the popular watch-bracelet has the tiniest of time-keepers dangling from a very short and slender chain, and looking as though it were the key of the padlock centre of the narrow bangle that surrounds the wrist. Another form of the same useful ornament is in silver, and is called a wristlet; there is a narrow band of silver around the arm, from which hangs a series of little chains of silver. On one of these a sovereign-purse is intended to hang; on another is a little silver watch set in a deep socket; on another is a tiny propelling pencil-case; while a fourth is left free in order to have attached to it any small parcel or other object that it may be wished to carry. This is, in effect, having a châtelaïne on the wrist—a notion that could only commend itself to a person who liked display and noise. A pretty brooch is in the form of a gold "merry-thought"; one variety of this idea has a tiny bird in plain gold perched on the lower branch, and another has the space between the two halves filled in with the figures denoting this year of grace. In novelties for table use is a sardine server, with the holders shaped like two of the fish, fixed crosswise on the ends of the sugar-tong-like prongs. Another is an egg-boiler for table use, which will allow the mistress to prepare the matutinal egg to the precise taste of each member of the household, and to serve it up quite hot and fresh. The article consists of a silver boiler shaped like an orange, opening in the middle to take the water in which the eggs cook. This vessel is supported on the top of a tripod stand, at the bottom of which is a ring with a little spirit-lamp upon it, that keeps the water boiling. There is another variety of the same object in which the boiler is suspended by chains, like a gipsies' kettle, from the middle of a "three-stick" stand, with a separate little support for the spirit-lamp beneath.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has now, I believe, edited the *Woman's World* for a year. The September number introduces a new feature, which one is rather sorry to see. Hitherto, only women have written in the pages of that magazine; this month two contributions—a short poem and an article on tapestry—are signed with masculine names. Those contributions, however, are hardly likely to be regarded as the spice or savouring salt of the number, the gem of which, to my thinking, is a paper on "Roman Women at the Beginning of the Empire," by Miss Richardson, illustrated by two beautiful portraits from antique busts. The view shown of the great influence exercised by women in a time when law and custom straitly forbade them not only power but even personal liberty, is most striking, and the paper is written in an elevated yet picturesque style befitting the stately subject. Other interesting articles are Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's "Bonnet of the Reign," "Ouida's" on "The Streets of London," and a series of apophthegms by the Queen of Roumania. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XV.



wherein, as in a chronicle, are written the events of many stormy and disastrous years, high enterprise accomplished, frightful dangers braved, power unsparingly exercised, suffering unshrinkingly borne; of that fixed look, so full of severity, of mournful anxiety, of deep thought, of dauntless resolution, which seems at once to forebode and to defy a terrible fate, as it lowers on us from the living canvas of Vandyke?

These are the famous words of Macaulay: and even thus one might ask, Who ever names Wentworth House—the great

Far back as we have any records of its history, Wentworth Woodhouse belonged to Strafford's ancestry. In the days of Henry III., William de Wyntwode of Wyntwode acquired the estate by his marriage with Emma, daughter of William Wodehouse "of Wodehouse"—most likely a real house of wood, an ancient timber dwelling, dating perhaps from the Conquest. The usual spelling of the name of old was "Wintworth"; and so, they say, it is still pronounced locally—though I cannot say I noticed it. In Domesday the name is mentioned five times: once with the spelling "Wintreworde," which perhaps suggests a true derivation from "winter."

And here lived the Wentworths of Wentworth Woodhouse, and inherited the house and lands, in regular male succession, from the time of Henry III. to that of Charles II. Eleven William Wentworths held rule here without a break; and then came a series of alternate—or very nearly alternate—Williams and Thomases, which lasted till, on the death of Strafford's son without issue, the property passed to the children of his daughter.

Among these earlier Wentworths were some good fighting-men. Best known to fame, and something of a "character" in his way, was the second Sir Thomas, who flourished—and that greatly—in the days of Henry VIII. His bravery at the Battle of the Spurs won him the honour of knighthood; later on, his wealth gained him the title of "Golden Thomas." It seems an odd employment of this wealth to have paid with it a fine that he might not be made a Knight of the Bath: more reasonable was the license he obtained from the King in 1528, that, being infirm, he might wear his bonnet in the Royal presence.

The younger branches of the family founded houses of their own; there were the Wentworths of North and of South Elmsal, of Bretton, of Wentworth Castle—also in Yorkshire—and of Nettlested, in Suffolk. This last family became Earls of Cleveland and Barons Wentworth.

But the eldest branch achieved the highest honours. The first Baronet was a powerful and wealthy man; and his son and heir took every way of advancement, moving ever upwards, till he died, said Clarendon, "the greatest subject in power, and little inferior to any in fortune, that was at that time in any of the three kingdoms."

We need not take it that he advanced by base means. There is nothing low in the face that Vandyke shows us: it was no vulgar man who wrote that last letter, in which he urged his own death upon the King. But of Wentworth's enormous ambition there can hardly be a doubt; and his motto was "Thorough"; and we find that every step he took bore him higher, either in fame, or power, or wealth.

He was married twice—first to the Lady Margaret Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, and connected with many of the greatest English houses; and, in 1624, two years after her death, to Arabella Holles (sister of Denzil), the daughter of the Earl of Clare. Thus, each time he married "well," as it is called; but each seems to have been a marriage of affection, and his exceeding grief at the death, in childbirth, of his second wife is on record, as is the sympathy then shown for him in the town of York, where he seems to have been greatly liked.

Yet the early records of his quiet life at Wentworth show that he was determined to be first, wherever he was, at whatever cost. Clarendon mentions his rivalry with "the old Lord Saville," whom he defeated, and succeeded as Custos of the Rolls for the West Riding; nor rested "till he had bereaved him of all place and power in Court, and so sent him down, a most abject, disconsolate old man, to his country."

With this masterful spirit, it is not surprising that he made

"BUT Wentworth—who ever names him without thinking of those harsh dark features, ennobled by their expression into more than the majesty of an antique Jupiter; of that brow, that eye, that cheek, that lip,

it was fourteen years before Parliament took up any great share of his time—and kept up a stately hospitality, in the great red-bricked house of which some part still stands. He entertained largely; and, apart from guests, his ordinary household numbered sixty-four. He always loved the life of a country gentleman. Much later, when he was ruling Ireland with an iron hand, he found time to order minutely the affairs of his home estate; and wrote then of his love of rural peace, remembering, no doubt, the life he had described ten years before, when he wrote to Sir George Calvert "Our objects and thoughts are limited in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring, or some petty yet innocent pastimes."

He entered Parliament in 1620—he was elected, on Christmas Day, knight of the shire for the county of York—and at once took an active part as a friend of the people, a strong opponent of the unlimited monarchy of the Stuarts. This Parliament did not live long, nor did the next (in which he sat for Pontefract); but Sir Thomas Wentworth was already an opponent so powerful that the King was glad to keep him out of the Parliament of 1627 by making him Sheriff of his county.

But in this same year came a motive for the strongest

enemies; and a more curious evidence of this than any of Clarendon's direct words is given by the index to the "History of the Rebellion." Here we find, in entry after entry under the head of "Wentworth," *Earl Holland hostile to him—Sir H. Vane his implacable enemy—Earls Essex and Holland his enemies, and why—Army incensed against him—Lord Savile his bitter enemy—Queen hostile to him—Sir T. Hotham his enemy—Earl of Southampton not his friend.* Perhaps in all his quarrels he was right; yet, in any case, what a talent for quarrelling!

He came of age in 1614, and in the same year, on his father's death, succeeded to the estate. Here he mainly lived—

acknowledgment of your exceeding favours." And so, on Tower-hill, "with marvellous tranquillity of mind, he delivered his head to the block."

His son, an amiable weak man, died childless in 1695, leaving the estates to pass to the issue of a sister who had married Edward, second Baron Rockingham.

And the second Chief Minister of England, who also ruled at Wentworth—the builder, indeed, of the present house—was a Rockingham: Charles Watson Wentworth, first Marquis. An honourable, pleasant, simple man—

Gentle, intrepid, generous, mild, and just, says his epitaph—but of no very commanding abilities, he was a singular contrast to the mighty Strafford. Yet he was twice Prime Minister of England—the second time with every prospect of long-continued power, had not his sudden death overthrown all hopes. Burke, his intimate friend, wrote the fine "Character" which is engraved in the mausoleum which we shall pass before we leave the park, by its southern gate, for Rotherham. On the other hand, one remembers the epigram of a wit of the Opposition party:

Tell the truth—if the people can hear without shocking 'em—
That the Nation's asleep, and the Minister's *Rocking 'em.*

Quitting the Prime Minister till we reach his mausoleum, we come to the line of the Fitzwilliams, still holding rule here. The third Earl of Fitzwilliam married Lord Rockingham's daughter, and thus came to inherit Wentworth; but his family had been landowners in this immediate neighbourhood—at Sprotborough, only some ten miles off—as long ago as the eleventh century. One good-hearted Sir William Fitzwilliam of those early days set up in the High-street of Sprotborough a cross, with these words engraven on brass—

*Who is hungry, and lists to eat,
Let him come to Sprotburgh to his meate;
And for a night, and for a day,
His horse shall have both corn and hay,
And no man shall ask him where he goeth away.*

But as the days went by men grew less hospitable, and in 1520 the cross was pulled down.

History tells us of some sixteen William Fitzwilliams, and four Johns, in the direct line; many of them men of note, and one—the William of Elizabeth's day—Lord Deputy of Ireland five times, for four and thirty years. His grandson was raised to the Peerage of Ireland; and a descendant, fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, achieved the rare feat of making himself beloved as Lord Lieutenant—as we shall see in due place. The great grandson of this fourth Earl—William Thomas Wentworth Spencer Fitzwilliam, seventh Earl Fitzwilliam—whose golden wedding is this week to be celebrated, now holds rule at Wentworth Woodhouse; of which house, and the park about it, the things to be seen therein and the way thereto, some account must now be given.

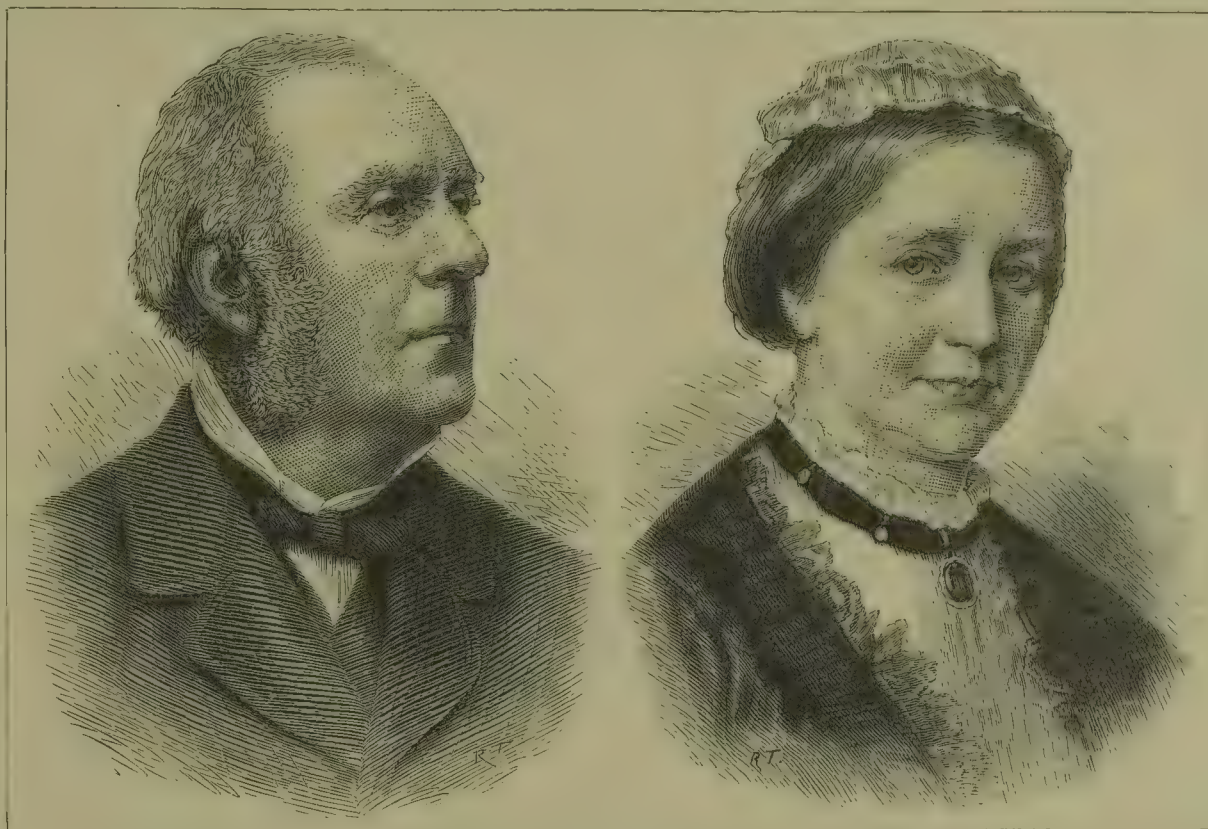
The nearest way to Wentworth is to take the train from Sheffield to the little station at Chapeltown, whence the house is but two miles' walk—the two longest miles, though, that I recollect to have met. (Or you can go from Rotherham, whence it is a four-mile drive.)

It is a pleasant journey, by reason of its contrasts. You come out from the terrible smoke-cloud of Sheffield, pierced by its thousands of tall chimneys, and pass the little red houses just

beyond, quite pert and shiny in the sunlight, with the great slope of Wincobank high above them; and quickly you are in the green country, a land of hills and dales, with tall trees bordering the little fields, and everywhere houses dotted about and signs of humanity. You are in the ancient woodland that Robin Hood (and Walter Scott) have made famous for us: for here "in that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharfedale Park, and around Rotherham." This, indeed, was of old Sherwood Forest; it was here that Gurth and Wamba talked, as the sun was setting in a cloudless sky.

It is a smoky country now, though a picturesque; the

roads are grey, and the houses dirty, and even in the Park itself, eight miles from Sheffield (and four from its murky neighbour Rotherham), one seems to taste the smoke in the air, and November brings fogs quite worthy of London. Yet you are among the hills, and there is a fresh wind blowing, and you have varying views of wood and slope; passing by the first lodge, uphill along a grey road between the fields, you catch always a glimpse of water, or of a high church on a round-topped hill, or a line of dark wood along the ridge, across the valley on your right. To the Park itself there are high iron gates, with no bell.



EARL AND COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

public action. Like Hampden, Wentworth refused to pay his share of the forced loan demanded by the King. He was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and afterwards was ordered to keep within the town or neighbourhood of Dartford. By Christmastime, however, he was free; and early in 1628 once more sat for Yorkshire in the House of Commons.

And then—then came the sudden change, which has made the character of Wentworth one of the hardest riddles in history. Macaulay and others attribute it to sheer venality: the King tempted him, and he fell; the King paid a high price, and bought him, body and soul. (And it is true that, as early as July in this year, Charles's former enemy was made a Peer, Baron Wentworth of Wentworth-Woodhouse; on Dec. 10 he was created Viscount Wentworth; he was soon made a Privy Councillor, Lord Lieutenant of the county of York, and Lord President of the North.)

Mr. Gardiner gives him credit for honesty, makes him a kind of Girondist—though a Girondist with the will of a Cromwell. And, as has been said, no base man could have written that final letter to the King; as no altogether worthy man could have ruled Ireland as he ruled it, or have said—when Hampden, his friend of old, refused to pay ship-money till he was lawfully bidden—"He should be whipt into his senses; and if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry."

From whatever motive, Wentworth was the mainstay of the King's cause during the next twelve years, as Lord President of the North, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, Lieutenant-General of the army against the Scots; and was rewarded with titles and great wealth. In 1640 he was made Baron Raby, of Raby Castle; he was Earl of Strafford, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

But his measure was full. In the first year of the Long Parliament one of the earliest measures of the House of Commons was his impeachment before the Lords. Then followed that famous trial in Westminster Hall, when for eighteen days he defended himself against the mightiest opponents in England "with all imaginable dexterity, answering this and evading that with all possible skill and eloquence." He was not condemned till a Bill of Attainder was passed—and his Royal master signed it: moved thereto, perhaps, by the noble letter which, with any other King, one thinks, should have pleaded most eloquently for him. "Sir," wrote Strafford, "my consent shall more acquit you herein to God, than all the world can do beside. To a willing man there is no injury done. And as by God's grace I forgive all the world with a calmness and meekness of infinite contentment to my dislodging soule, so, Sir, to you can I give the life of this world with all the cheerfulness imaginable; in the just



THE TERRACE.

and a classic temple for a lodge. It looks as though you could not get in without winding a horn, or some such formality of the days of Robin Hood: but you can, and very simply—as you will probably find out, if you go there and think it over.

In the Park, a bluff solid wall on the left bounds the private

stately enough, with its projecting wings, and statue a-top in the middle; and it overlooks a lovely greensward bordered with rare trees of the softest, deep colour, and a long path leading through the gardens, with the high spire of the church standing up against the sky at its end.

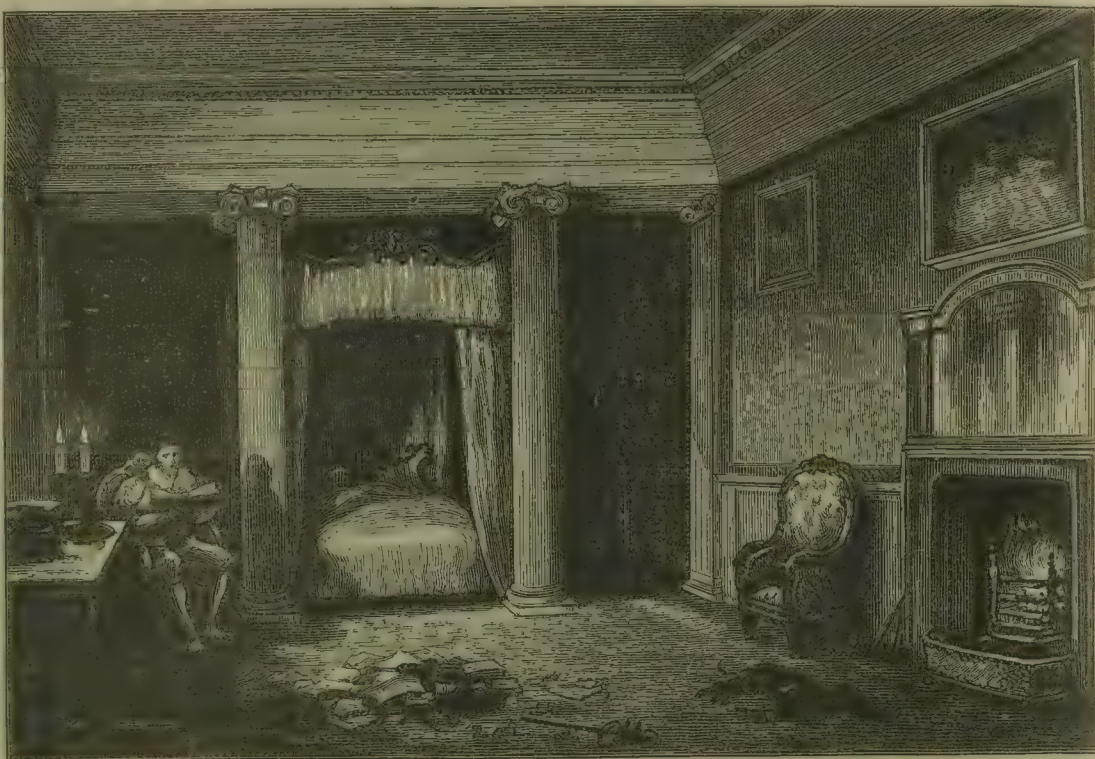
These gardens are the prettiest of the old fashion that I have ever seen, with cut hedges and winding beds of regular design—one most lovely bed of violas of a glowing purple-blue is quite unforgettable—and a sweet scent such as rarely comes from the grand new flowers of modern gardens. And beyond, in the great walled kitchen garden—guarded by statues of Lucretia and Collatinus, carrying on an animated conversation across the gateway above which they are perched—there are long borders of flower-beds, with colours not massed in platoons as now-a-days they mostly are, but far lovelier in the constant sparkle of their bright variety, exquisite dots of purple, yellow, scarlet and white, among the bright green of their leaves.

Just beyond the gardens are the two churches, new and old; the former, built by the present Lord Fitzwilliam, a landmark from far away, a graceful Early English building of yellowish stone, with a tall slender spire. Across the way stand the yellow ruins of the older church, in the churchyard bright with flowers: a small square tower, a desolate place where once the congregation sat, and the former chancel, now used as a mortuary chapel. Here are very interesting monuments of Strafford—with his kneeling figure above—his father and mother, and his son; and just behind

this church lies the little drab village of Wentworth, quite eclipsed by the great house which has sprung from it.

But the house is waiting, and we must return to it—not

having yet, indeed, entered at the front door. It is the small door on the ground-floor which is always used; the grand portico above is for solemn state alone. Entering, you pass through a low, pillared hall—were it only a hall, it would doubtless be called the Hall of a Hundred Columns, for there are at least twenty. All is of a cool grey stone; at the back, stairs wind up to right and left, with statues at their feet: on the walls are horns of wapiti and bison, shot by Lord Fitzwilliam's sons; and beside



THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S BED-ROOM.

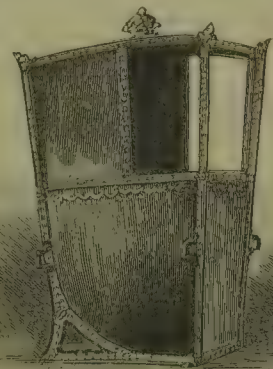
The Wentworth library consists of several adjoining rooms, and contains, besides the large collection of books, some curious paintings and engravings. One ancient picture shows us the figures of two Fitzwilliams slain at Flodden "in doing their duty against the Scots"; and there is a quaint old print of "His Honour of Wentworth and Margaret Gascoyne, his wife."

Returning to the state-rooms of Wentworth Woodhouse and the pictures thereof—or, rather, the very few that space will permit one to mention—the first place must needs be given to the splendid "Whistle-jacket Room." "I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket," says Tony Lumpkin; and here is the famous racer, with a stately drawing-room all to himself but for two other pictures, and one of them unfinished—a bright and beautiful room, lofty, whitewalled, with a gold arabesque to enrich it, gay with rich blue furniture, rich screens, and other magnificence. His portrait, by Stubbs, is a noble picture of a noble horse—entirely unlike the trim pictures of slim racers one knows so well: a great canvas with no background, but only one massive, bright chestnut charger, with sweeping mane and tail, rearing magnificently at the universe.

The two other pictures in the room are worthy companions

for this one. Over the chimney-piece is one of the loveliest of Reynolds's child pictures—the little Lord Fitzwilliam, his sweet face and pretty childish figure coming from a dark landscape to meet us. The child grew up to be a noble man—and when his rule, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, proved too humane and liberal for the Government of the day, his recall was mourned in Dublin as a national calamity. A singularly fine portrait by Lawrence of this nobleman, in his old age, is the third picture in the room.

Of the rooms on the other side of the saloon the first is the sculpture-room, where stands a little regiment of busts and statuettes: a fine bust of the Marquis of Rockingham is one of the many memorials of the good Prime Minister, which we have, I fear, a little overlooked, in our devotion to him whom



OLD SEDAN CHAIR.



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

gardens; upon it is a little temple, with a statue therein, and a row of elms runs along the higher ground behind the wall. To the right you look down into a cup of hills, with dark lines of trees, and peeps of the grey water of little lakes shimmering constantly in the light. Long-horned cows move across the smooth grass—"Brahmins," and Highlanders, with rough coats, black, brown, and white—and red and fallow deer are further off. At the end of the wall is a kind of round tower, with a dial projecting from its side; and as you turn the corner you come immediately upon a grand view of the house—a great Classic building, two hundred yards in length, with a stately portico high up above a zigzag staircase, and wings standing boldly out to right and left. It is, indeed, "not ugly," as Horace Walpole says—with some surprise, for the British Classic is not as a rule a thing of beauty in architecture. What gives picturesqueness to Wentworth Woodhouse is the amount of relief, of variety, in its design: the projecting middle block, the line of statues along the roof, the general absence of "Classic" flatness, and, most of all, I think, the variety of colour. The pale, brownish yellow of the mass is not only broken up by the windows, and the pillars with their darker shadows, but it is as it were picked out with black—along the top runs an irregular line made up of statues, vases, projections, and ornaments, all black, or of the darkest brown: and thus, tipped with black against its yellow, and crossed and varied with stairs and pillars, the whole building seems to sparkle in the sunlight, as it stands out against the wide lawn, and the dark masses of the trees, with distant hills and a grey sky beyond.

This present house was built, by the first Marquis of Rockingham, round that which was Strafford's home; "a pompous front, screening an old house," Walpole calls it, and says that "it was built by the late Lord on a design of the Prussian architect Both." The house seems to have been turned round—the back of the present house was the front of the old one; very curious in colour this is: gray-yellow in the middle, but the rest of a pale red, or pink, with pink paths to match it, in daring contrast to the green lawn. (These paths have all the look of brick, broken up small; but they are really made of "shale"—rubbish from the neighbouring pits, burnt, and made into very capital material for garden-walks; and perhaps of a colour no bolder than the glaring yellow gravel to which we are accustomed.)

Otherwise, this back-front (if one may so call it) is



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Pym called the "wicked Earl." His portrait hangs in the dining-room, to which we come next, among many other interesting portraits and excellent pictures. In this room, they used to say, it was settled as the elections came on who



Charles F. I.
Bible

should be member for Yorkshire—a matter hardly to be settled in any dining-room now-a-days!

More pictures in the billiard-room, a chamber whose prevailing colour is an old-fashioned green; pictures of racers of the last century, ridden by jockeys, apparently, of the century before, and attempting some original mode of progression on their hindfeet; and other horse-pictures in the manner of the Whistle-jacket portrait—very good and pleasant in colour. Here, too, is a remarkable cabinet of tortoiseshell, which purports to be an exact representation of King Solomon's Temple.

Then there is the picture gallery—a long, red and white, comfortable room; much used, indeed, as a sitting-room—by no means a bare abode for painted people only. I will not try to catalogue its contents; but there are, among many others, a portrait of Shakespeare, said to have belonged to Dryden, a group of Italian poets—Dante, with his severe nose, the most prominent—a sleeping (one might even say a snoring) Cupid, by Guido, and an infant Hercules, the sturdy handiwork of Sir Joshua.

A Holy Family, by Raffaele, and the somewhat faded beauty of a Magdalen, of Titian, represent the Old Masters; who are in great force—in the typical manner which has somewhat marred their popularity—in the Chapel down-stairs. This is a plain building, roomy, and quiet in colour, with a high gallery for the Earl and his family; and is decorated with Martyrs and Virgins who enjoy their martyrdom and virginity with becoming severity.

In the Chapel Gallery—pleasant, cosy, and rather dark—are chiefly family portraits. There is an interesting black bust of Charles I.; and Lady Milton's sedan-chair stands here, to remind us of the days when London was as Constantinople in the matter of paving.

Of the other rooms of Wentworth—and there are hundreds, literally—one would fain speak, but cannot. Only two interesting little rooms just by the Pillared Hall may be mentioned—in one are portraits of the Wentworths, and in the other, called the Ship Room, is preserved—besides some pictures of Lord Fitzwilliam's steam-yacht, and other vessels—one of the curiosities that serve to remind us of the fact which at Wentworth there is no danger of forgetting.

This is, that we are in Yorkshire. Every association of the house brings to mind one or other of the two main characteristics of the great county—hospitality and horse-racing. Here in the Ship Room, as in the Whistle-jacket Room above, we find the memorial of a great racer—a shoe of Bay Malton, the famous horse who is said to have won for his owner the money with which was built the splendid quadrangle of the Wentworth stables, perhaps the finest in England. Hence came the first winner of the St. Leger, the Marquis of Rockingham's Sampson; here stand every winter some seventy-eight hunters—proofs of the love of horseflesh and of hospitality at once.

There are, it is to be feared, not many great country houses where the traditions of a generous past are kept up as they are at Wentworth. For six months in the year the great house is full of guests; at the rent-days in May and November three hundred guests a day feed in hall and kitchen for the best part of a week; and ancient customs are kept up here, to be found, I believe, nowhere else in England.

Some, indeed, have had to be discontinued, in deference to the growing sobriety of the age, or because of the neighbourhood of a great town like Sheffield. It is not so very long since, at the rent-day, all tenants were given as much beer as they could drink—and due provision of straw to "sleep it off" on; and every tramp who passed through the park had but to ask, and he was given a horn of ale and a crust of bread.

These customs have passed away; but yet survives an ancient usage by which, on every Tuesday in November, neighbours from all the country round invite themselves to dine with the Earl and Countess. Each day, sixty or seventy commonly avail themselves of this pleasant right.

This hospitality keeps in full work the great old kitchens,

the bakehouse, and the old-fashioned brew-house where twice a year Wentworth brews its own excellent beer and ale. Moreover, it finds tenants for the enormous cellars which are one of the greatest "sights" of the house. Dark vaults of immense length, "like the crypts of a cathedral," with massive pillars none too large for the weight they have to uphold, extend far and wide under the halls and galleries of Wentworth. Their ancient gloom is now lighted here and there with gas; but yet there is something weird, a damp air as of the dwelling of gnomes, in their dark shadows and heavy ceilings fungus-grown. In long lines down their sides stand the huge casks—for the most part holding over a hundred and twenty gallons each—filled with strong ales, sometimes twenty, sometimes fifty years old: the former a pure and glorious beer of immense potency—the latter now cousin-German to vinegar. These beer-cellars were once upon a time full, or nearly full; but it is a sober age—by comparison—and there is now room and to spare. There is, nevertheless, huge store of the true Yorkshire stingo; and of wine—let us say, some eighteen thousand bottles. Much is of the rarest and most precious vintages; and there are not less than six thousand bottles of admirable sherry, waiting till the day of champagnes and clarets be past, and Xeres and his old friend Oporto come to their own again.

Perhaps the most noteworthy among these many ancient vaults is the Water Cellar: a strange and gloomy place, where you look down into a kind of dark inner chamber, where is a great black pool of water fed by a running stream, as to which no man knows whence it comes or whither it goes. A ghostly place, and admirably suited for a secret murder.

It is not without relief that you step back into the open air, and look out upon the wide park. Here is still much to be seen—even if you are no sportsman, and neglect the great

miners and workmen and their wives, with tenants and others employed on the estates—say in all some four thousand people—will have a hearty meal, athletic sports, and other "diversion." Many interesting presentations are being prepared—a picture of the hunt, with Lord Fitzwilliam's portrait, by Hopkins and Havel; a painting of Lady Fitzwilliam, by Herkomer; a coloured window in the church, given by Lord Fitzwilliam's family; and an illuminated address, with an album and a representation of Sproborough Cross, from the miners of Elsecar and Low Stubbin Collieries.

EDWARD ROSE.

MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—Miss Beatrice Potter's knowledge of the conditions of female labour at the East-End of London accredits the painful revelations of "Pages from a Work-Girl's Diary." An outline of the positions assumed by industrial Socialists in America is contributed by General Lloyd S. Bruce. Sir Lyon Playfair replies to Lord Armstrong's strictures on Technical Education. The Marquis of Lorne gives an account of searches for the wreck of a galleon of the Spanish Armada, called the "Florida" or "Florencia," sunk off the coast of the island of Mull. "Chaucer and the Italian Renaissance," a topic of much literary interest, is discussed by Mr. F. T. Palgrave. The miners of Scotland, many of whom are now Irishmen, are described as a class by Mr. Robert Hadow. Ethical inquiry is indulged by Mr. Leslie Stephen with a severely logical essay on "Belief and Conduct." The breeding of mankind on scientific principles, with a view to the elimination of physical and mental hereditary defects, is recommended by Mr. Julius Wertheimer under the title of "Homiculture." Mr. E. Pulsford compares the economic progress of New South Wales under a Free-Trade

policy, with that of Victoria, which has preferred a Protectionist tariff. Co-operative stores for Ireland—why not for the agricultural districts of England?—are advocated by the Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett. A memoir of Millet, the truthful painter of rustic life in France, by Mrs. Henry Ady, should be interesting to friends of sincere art. Mr. Oswald Crawford, though no Englishman knows and loves the Portuguese more fairly, does not spare finding fault with their East African administration in his remarks on the slave trade. The recent biography of the late Mr. W. E. Forster draws forth a circumstantial endeavour by Mr. Gladstone to prove that the Chief Secretary for Ireland who resigned office in May, 1882, was not justified in complaining of faint support from the Liberal Government of that date.

Contemporary Review.—Sir W. W. Hunter, a great official and statistical authority on the present condition of India, boldly and ably sets forth the urgent problems of financial and political reform. He lays much stress on the proposals of the late Indian Congress and of the Calcutta and Madras Chambers of Commerce, and on the opinions expressed by Sir Richard Garth, the late Chief Justice of Bengal, and in the August number of the *Westminster Review*.

The reminiscences of John Leech, by Mr. Holman Hunt, do no more than justice to that gifted artist, who was also known to his friends as a good and amiable man. Mr. Grant Duff's notes of a visit to Mount Carmel in Syria, where he was the guest of Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, contain some facts worthy of notice. Professor J. R. Seeley estimates the chances of any modern author obtaining what might be considered "literary immortality"; but supposing that none ever can, "let each write to his ideal." Dr. John Rae continues his analysis of "State Socialism," as expounded by some German writers. Of Henry More, the mystical Christian Platonist of the seventeenth century, there is an interesting study by Mr. Arthur Benson, of Eton. The legal protection of children against parental cruelty or neglect is the subject of an article by Mrs. Tabor; while Mr. J. Scott Keltie advocates the study of commercial geography, and Mr. W. T. Stead describes his impressions of Petersburg. Archbishop Walsh disputes the statistics of Mr. G. Wyndham regarding the Irish Land question.

Universal Review.—A well-known political supporter of Mr. Gladstone, the Rev. Canon MacColl, advocates Home Rule for Ireland. The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, comments on the genius of the late Mr. Frank Hall, and regrets that portrait-painting turned him aside from his true mission of depicting pathetic and tragic scenes. Mr. Henry James continues his romance, "The Lesson of the Master." The quality in sculpture sometimes termed "couleur," a mystery to the uninitiated, is defined by Mr. Alfred Gilbert as just relief, harmony of light and shade and gradation, and due relation of one part to another, which one would have thought were the essential qualities of all fine art. A prose treatise, by Mr. W. Hazlitt



THE WHISTLE-JACKET DRAWING-ROOM.

kennels and the breeding-stud that lies over to the right, by the pretty lakes.

The monuments must, at least, be visited—and Wentworth is a great place for monuments. To the right, as you look from the grand entrance, is Keppel's Column, erected in honour of the famous Admiral, a great friend of the first Marquis; to the left, a memorial of the same period—when there was certainly a burst of memorials—is Hooper Stand, which describes itself in an inscription as "This pyramidal building"; and directly in front of the house, near the edge of the park—perhaps three-quarters of a mile away—is the splendid mausoleum built on the untimely death of Lord Rockingham, in 1782.

It stands in a pretty wood by the lodge gate, a very high three-storey building of freestone, by no means ungraceful, with a lofty cupola, supported by Ionic columns; and at each corner of its little plot of grass a tall obelisk. In the lower storey is a domed chamber, in which stands a lifesized marble figure of the Marquis, by Nolken; the attitude is that of an orator, with outstretched hand, but very simple, touching, and dignified. Round the chamber are the busts of the famous Whigs of Rockingham's day—Fox, Edmund Burke, and the rough face of Keppel; and Burke's noble tribute to his friend is inscribed on the marble. As a statesman, he says, Lord Rockingham far exceeded all others "in the art of drawing together, without the seduction of self-interest, the concurrence and co-operation of various dispositions of men, whom he assimilated to his character and associated in his labours."

It is at Wentworth Park, this week, that is to be held the greatest festival it has ever known—a golden wedding must necessarily be one of the rarest of celebrations; and all the miners, tenants, schoolchildren, will have cause long to remember the rejoicings of this happy anniversary. On Monday—the day itself—will be held a great garden-party, with maypole dances, addresses from the tenants of the Malton estates, and all manner of festivity. Two days before this will be the grand gathering of four thousand children from the schools round about; and at the end of the week—on Saturday, Sept. 15—another mammoth garden-party, when twelve hundred



LEATHER BOTTLES.

ENGLISH HOMES, No. XV.



1. South-east Front of Wentworth Woodhouse. 2. On the Lake. 3. The Museum, from the Park. 4. Wentworth Woodhouse, from Rockingham Woods.

WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE: THE SEAT OF EARL FITZWILLIAM, K.G.

Roberts, on the co-operative system, is followed by Mr. Lewis Morris, the poet, with an ode on "The Triumph of Labour." Mr. F. Gale's recollections of the cricket-field are accompanied by a portrait of William Dorrington, of Town Malling; and he considers that cricket was as good fifty years ago as it is now. A brief sketch of Bayreuth and the Wagner performance, by Mr. E. H. Bell, and a further instalment of Alphonse Daudet's "One of the Forty," occupy some remaining pages.



THE LIBRARY, WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE.

Fortnightly Review.—Lord Wolseley, who wrote last month on military courage, now gives us an essay on military genius, comparing the skill of Napoleon, Julius Caesar, Marlborough, and General Lee, who were commanders as well as strategists, having the "personal magnetism" to impart confidence to their soldiers, of which he thinks Wellington had less. The Parliamentary business of the Session is reviewed by Mr. A. Baumann, M.P. An anonymous critic severely condemns the romances of Mr. Rider Haggard. Judge Chalmers explains and disapproves of the still remaining form of imprisonment for debt on failure to satisfy County Court judgments. Mrs. Lynn Lynton's review of the memoirs of the scandalous Abbé Galiani exposes the state of French morals and manners in the eighteenth century. The domestic and social condition of women in India, especially with regard to compulsory marriage in childhood, is shown by Mr. Lester de Fonblanque to be intolerably oppressive. "A Hundred Years Ago," by Colonel Knollys, is a striking contrast to the present state of England. A complete and methodical account of the late Naval Manœuvres may be recommended as useful reading. Professor Dowden's study of "Shakespeare's Wisdom of Life" is guided by much critical and ethical insight.

National Review.—The frontier quarrel with Tibet, which just now embarrasses our Indian Government, is examined by Mr. R. S. Gundry. Mrs. Jeune gives her personal recollections of the late Mr. W. E. Forster. The old and the new style of partridge-shooting are compared by Mr. T. E. Kebbel. An inquiry concerning the value and effect of music in mental culture, by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, is followed by Mrs. Lane-Fox with one estimating the possibility of a national school of opera. Mr. Paul Sylvester reviews some modern Spanish novels. The Irish Coercion or Crimes Act of 1882 is compared with that of 1887, clause by clause, in an article by Mr. George Alexander. Professor Sayce relates a few popular stories gathered by him in Syria and Egypt. "The Gates of Hades," by Mr. Percy Greg, is a treatise of dreams and hypnotic hallucinations with reference to the belief in ghosts and the like. Mr. J. G. Bettram's remarks on oyster-cultivation in England, France, and America, are of some practical value. Captain Penrose Fitzgerald questions the correctness of some of Sir Samuel Baker's views regarding our maritime defences.

Murray's Magazine.—The disparaging observations of Sir Lepel Griffin upon the United States of America are replied to by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who also vindicates his countrymen from the milder imputation of lack of taste and sensibility to grace or beauty, and "want of distinction," ascribed to them by Mr. Matthew Arnold. "The Reproach of Annesley" is continued, and there is "A Tale of a Ten Pound Note." Articles on partridge-shooting, on "village opinion," and on early English music, occupy some pages. The defects of our army organisation are held up to scorn in a supposed letter from a Prussian officer visiting England. Mr. W. M. Acworth concludes his account of the working of our great railways with a description of the Great Eastern Railway.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The story of "A Stiff-necked Generation" arrives at its twenty-fifth chapter. A literary and romantic conversation, reported by the late Miss E. J. Hasell, between congenial friends on an isle of Derwentwater, introduces pleasing versions of several of Firdousi's Persian tales. There is a short story, "My Treasure"; an account of General Colby's work in the Ordnance Survey of Scotland; a translation from Uhland, by Sir Theodore Martin; a narrative of rough Irish campaigning experiences "in a proclaimed district," by Mr. F. Noel Paton; a review of contemporary French novelists; a political article on Mr. Forster and Ireland; and a commentary on the Naval Manœuvres.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Mr. Bret Harte proceeds with his new Californian tale of "Cressy," the name of a girl. A pleasing account of the birds in a rural part of Wales is supplied by Mr. Warde Fowler. The critical notice, by Mr. Saintsbury, of Præd's graceful and lively verse-compositions, and Professor Minto's discourse on Pope and eighteenth-century poetry, will suit readers of literary taste. Of more value, indeed, is the admirable study of Montaigne's life and character in Mr. Walter Pater's historical romance, "Gaston de Latour." Professor T. E. Holland relates the festival at Bologna on the eighth centenary of the famous University in that city. The practice of sportsmen and game-preservers in America is described by Mr. A. C. Bradley. Mr. Stephen Wheeler exposes the libellous and seditious character of the native press of India.

Longman's Magazine.—"A Dangerous Catpaw," by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Murray, is a story of a barrister with a burglar client and with embarrassing female acquaintance. Archdeacon Farrar reviews "John Ward, Preacher," a powerful American tale which exhibits the distress caused by gloomy Calvinistic views of religion. "The Cruel Priest" is a Scottish ballad narrating a grim tragedy of the olden time. "Poor Harry," by Mr. W. E. Norris, is a little rustic story, gracefully and neatly told. Mr. W. J. Henderson describes with exactness and with much animation the annual manœuvres of the New York yachting squadron along the New England coast. The mild attractions of Picardy for landscape artists and tourists are described by Mr. Graham Tomson. Mr. Edmund Gosse furnishes a love-song. "Orthodox," by Miss

Dorothea Gerard, is the story of a Jewess in Galicia, and of her lover, a young nobleman in the Austrian army.

Time.—"Work and Workers," by Mr. John Pendleton, lies this time in the collieries of the West Midlands. Mr. Karl Blind contrasts the French Republic with that of Switzerland. The centenary of New South Wales suggests to Professor Strong an historical retrospect of Australian progress. Mrs. Power O'Donoghue narrates an excursion in Wicklow, with a visit to the home of Mr. Parnell. The coral-reef controversy is examined by Mr. H. B. Guppy, with reference to Darwin's early view, recently disproved by Mr. John Murray. Mr. Arthur Grant collects some anecdotes of the splendid Moorish ladies in Spain of the Middle Ages. Bologna and its ancient University are treated of by Mr. G. B. Stuart. The sport of shooting wild geese in Northern India is described by Mr. H. H. Sharpe. A lecture to the Ethical Society, by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, defines the respective spheres of individual and social reform. Anecdotes of rats are collected by Mr. T. Leyland. There is a short tale, by Mr. Walter Raymond, called "A Complete Change"; and further chapters are added by Mr. Julian Corbett to his romance of "Kophetua XIII."

Harper's Monthly.—Wood-engravings, as usual, exquisitely finished, adorn this and two other New York magazines. The rambles of Mrs. Pennell and her husband, a well-known artist, have often entertained us; but instead of the conjugal tricycle, which carried them through France, they tried walking with knapsacks through the Western Highlands of Scotland, and found it a grievous mistake; her present narrative leaves them in the island of Mull, but going to Skye. The caribou, one of the finest wild animals of North America, has a chapter to himself. Another chapter is devoted to Japanese china, the old Satsuma ware. The city of Memphis, on the Mississippi, with the States of Tennessee and Arkansas, is selected for this month's "Studies of the Great West." Helena and Butte, in Montana, are also described. The new gallery of Italian tapestry at Florence is the subject of an instructive article. We find Barbadoes, Demerara, Trinidad, and other West Indian colonies, treated with skill by the pen and pencil. Mr. William Black's Highland story, "In Far Lochaber," and tales by Mr. W. D. Howells and others, provide a sufficiency of fiction.

The Century.—Many Englishmen will thank the American writer and editor for the interesting account of Uppingham School and of its late head-master, the Rev. Edward Thring, with his portrait, and with sketches by Mr. Joseph Pennell. The history of Lincoln's Presidency and of the Civil War is continued. Industrial or handicraft instruction, in the schools of Massachusetts, appears an example worthy of imitation. A pathetic story is told of the Trappist monastery in Kentucky, some account of which was given last month. Mr. George Kennan proceeds with his reports of the condition of Russian political exiles and prisoners in Siberia. There is a story of Americans in Mexico, with reminiscences of the war in that country forty years ago. The various student "fraternities," clubs, or friendly societies, formed at the American Universities and Colleges, present a phase of social life not undeserving of notice. Some curious particulars are stated with regard to the shifts and privations imposed on the people of the Southern States by the exclusion of imported commodities during the Civil War. There are also many fine engravings.

Scribner's Magazine.—Mr. W. H. Mallock describes "Scenes in Cyprus," with some good illustrations from photographs taken by himself. Personal recollections, by Mr. Hugh McCulloch, of several eminent Americans of the past forty years, are deserving of notice. The articles on American railway passenger travel are continued, and merit the attention of railway managers here. The story of "A London Life," by Mr. Henry James, is concluded. "Presidential Campaign Medals" have some value as memorials of the political history of the United States. On Fuji, or Fusi-yama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan, there is a poem by Mr. Percival Lowell. Mr. T. D. Seymour gives some account of Modern Greece.

English Illustrated Magazine.—Mr. Henry James, in "The Patagonia," brings his Americans over to Europe, landing them at Liverpool. A picturesque region, little known, that of the Polish Carpathians, is delineated by Mr. Adam Gielgud. Mr. Ashby Sterry's "London Street Studies," with accompanying sketches by Mr. W. D. Almond, and the article on Hampton Court, illustrated by Herbert Railton and A. D. McCormick, keep us at home. Professor Minto has finished his carefully studied historical romance of "Ralph Hardelet."

The following magazines for the month appear to contain articles of fair average quality, *The Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Belgravia*, *London Society*, *Tinsley's*, *The Argosy*, *The Theatre*, *Atlantia*, *The Naval and Military*, *Good Words*, *The Leisure Hour*, *Cassell's*, *The Sun*, *All the Year Round*, and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*.

ART MAGAZINES.

A prominent work in the London art exhibitions of the season just closed was Mr. Arthur Hacker's picture, "By the Waters of Babylon," which forms the frontispiece to the September number of the *Art Journal*. Current art is further illustrated by an interesting account of the Scottish pictures in the Glasgow Exhibition. There is also an illustrated account of the Fürstberg Gallery of Pictures, Donaueschingen, a little town on the borders of the Black Forest, near the source of the Danube. A prettily-illustrated article on "Old England's Boston"—that is, Boston in Lincolnshire—will probably cause the reader, like Oliver Twist, to "ask for more," if he be interested in this picturesque and historic old town. The account of William of Wykeham is continued from a former number; and in "A Plea for Schools of Art," the writer insists on the necessity of teaching workmen to draw and colour well before they can hope to become successful designers. Not the least interesting article in a varied and readable number is Mr. Joseph Hatton's account of "Some Provincial Clubs," wherein the tastes and habits of London club-men and their provincial fellows are pleasantly contrasted. Mr. Marcus B. Huish continues his "Notes on Japan and its Art Wares."

If a carping critic were to turn over the pages of the current

number of the *Magazine of Art* for the express purpose of finding fault, and after the superficial examination which is supposed to be common to critics he pronounced the number a little dry and wanting in variety, he would, at all events, bestow a word of admiration on the frontispiece, "The Convalescent," after Sir J. E. Millais, which, despite the sooty shadows of the face, is a charming picture. The "Orpheus and Eurydice" of G. F. Watts, R.A., is scarcely so well rendered as that great work deserves. Both these subjects illustrate an account of one of those private art collections which are scattered in such numbers all over Great Britain—the Keppelstone Collection, in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, belonging to Mr. Alexander Macdonald. The account of the French painter Rousseau is interesting, and the examples of his work are excellent. Articles on "Poetical Treatment in Art," by J. R. Hodgson, R.A.; "Sculpture at the Royal Academy"; "The Stopping-Point in Ornament"; "Bernard Van Orley," a Flemish painter, make up the rest of the number.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES FOR THE POOR.

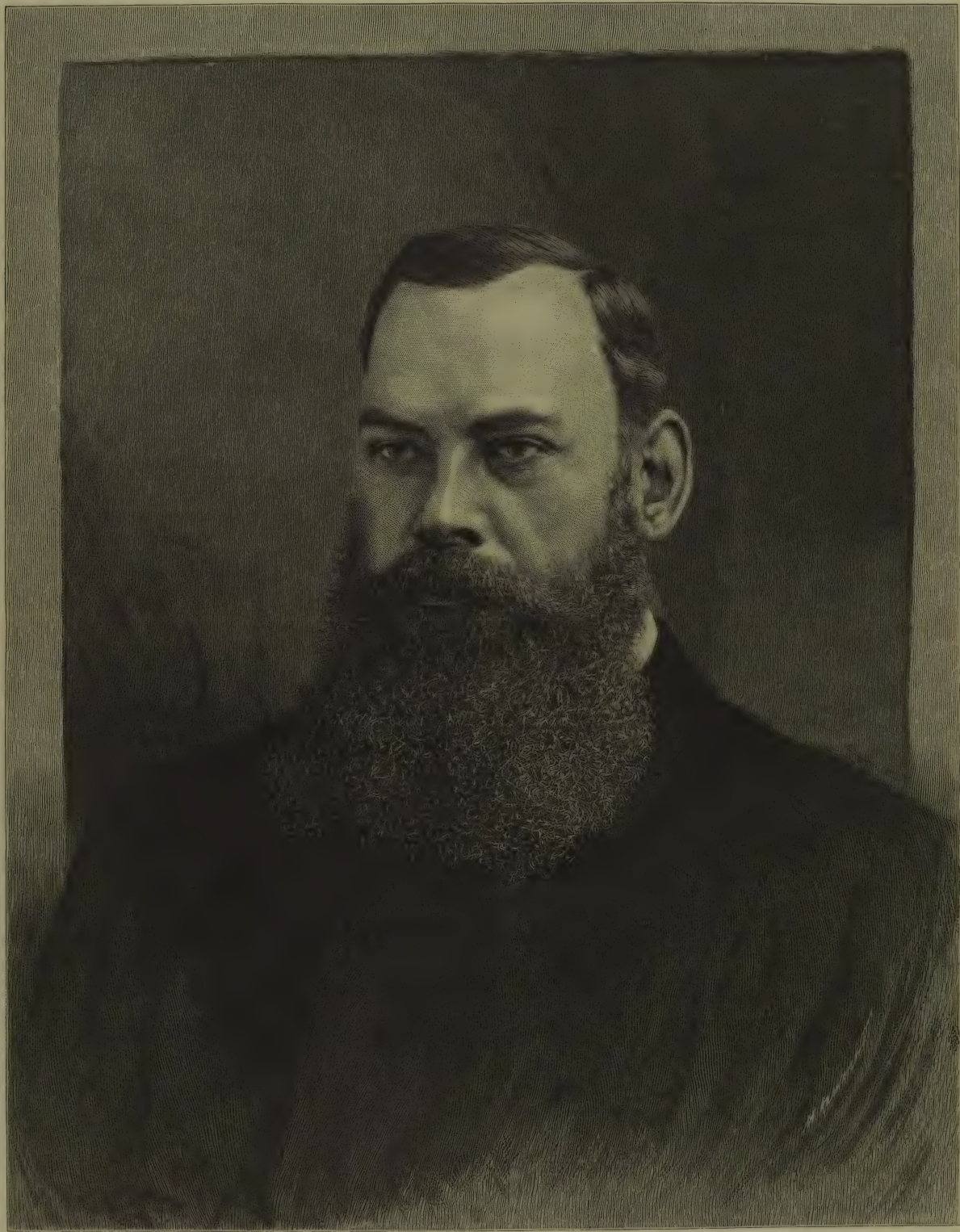
It is very distressing to know that any difficulty should be experienced by the poor in obtaining surgical appliances. The funds at the disposal of the hospital authorities, and of the Hospital Sunday Fund in particular, are, it must be admitted, quite inadequate to meet the demands of the suffering poor of the metropolis; while in the case of the more important of the surgical aid societies the rule of compelling cripples to canvass for a number of subscribers' letters is, in most cases, an insurmountable difficulty. Another obstacle, one equally great, and which it would be quite impossible to meet without the aid of the press, is the widespread ignorance which prevails as to the duties of guardians and district medical officers, upon whom the Law imposes the duty of supplying surgical appliances to all poor persons who are unable to pay for them. The printed instructions issued by the Local Government Board to guardians, medical officers, relieving officers, churchwardens, and overseers of the poor are perfectly explicit on this point, and leave no room for doubt that the poor, whether paupers or not, have a direct claim on their parishes for all necessary appliances. This fact should be more generally known; if it were, then the harsh and cruel letter system adopted by certain of the voluntary charities would soon be seen to be wholly unnecessary, and a considerable saving would be effected in the distribution of charitable funds. It would also be greatly beneficial to the afflicted if the committee of the Hospital Saturday Fund would reserve a small percentage of their receipts for the gratuitous issue of instruments, instead of compelling, as they now do, all applicants to pay half the cost of the same. The Hospital Sunday Fund apportions four per cent of its gross receipts for the purpose of procuring surgical appliances, but this only yielded last year about £1820, and proved to be, as in former years, inadequate. It is understood that at the next meeting of the council of the Hospital Sunday Fund, a proposition, influentially supported, will be made to increase the percentage, and which it is hoped will be carried *non sine contradicente*. Since it is a step in the right direction, and as the Charity Voting Reform Association has recently issued a paper on surgical aid to the metropolitan clergy, calling attention to the powers conferred on guardians by the Poor Law, there is every reason to believe that, before long, some of the difficulties standing in the way of the afflicted with regard to surgical appliances will be entirely removed.

In recognition of their services at the recent Conference at Washington on the subject of the North American Fisheries, the Queen has conferred a baronetcy upon Sir Charles Tupper,



THE VANDYKE ROOM, WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE.

G.C.M.G.; the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George upon the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville-West, K.C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister at Washington; and Knight-Commanderships of that Order upon Mr. J. S. D. Thompson, Q.C., Minister of Justice, Canada; Mr. J. S. Winter, Attorney-General, Newfoundland; and Mr. J. H. G. Bergne, C.M.G., Superintendent of the Treaty Department of the Foreign Office.



MEN OF THE DAY.

D R. W. G. G R A C E.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. MARTIN AND SALLNOW, 436, STRAND.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GERMS: GOOD AND BAD.

Turning out the contents of a portmanteau the other day, a pair of boots, which had evidently been deposited therein in a damp condition, came to light covered thickly in some parts with a growth of blue mould. To the attentions of this mould, of course, no housewife is a stranger. It grows on her cheese and invades her jelly-pots, and does not despise even damp boots, as we have seen, in its selection of a local habitation. The question of the mould's origin leads us in the direction of more than one great and grave theory regarding the beginnings of life at large. Where the mould comes from may best be answered, as a philosophical query, by saying that it springs from a germ or germs, derived from a parent-mould. These germs, microscopic in size, are carried by the air, and are given off from the parent-mould as minute living particles. Like drift-wood on the sea, they are borne hither and thither in company with many thousands of neighbour-germs, like and unlike, and when they find a suitable soil (as in the cheese or the jelly) they spring up into the mould whereof they are the early and legitimate representatives. The air around us, as Tyndall long ago proved and expressed it, is a "stir-about" of minute particles, some of mineral and inorganic nature, others of organic and living kind. It is an ocean having particles, living and dead, for its floating things; and the living particles, in brief, are the "germs" whereof we hear so much that is interesting in the science of the day. It is true that we are encompassed about by a great cloud of living particles; but it is not true to assert that these particles are all equally noxious to man or equally innocuous in so far as human interests are concerned. Some germs, like those of the blue mould, may be deemed harmless enough in their character. Others again, like those of the yeast-plants, are more destructive, it is true, or may be sometimes pressed into the service of man. That bottle of claret you left uncorked after dinner two days ago has gone to the bad. You declare it to be as sour as vinegar; and well may it be so, for vinegar it has become. Into your wine from the air there dropped sundry microscopic germs of yeast-plants. These bred and multiplied in the soil they found ready to hand in the shape of the wine. Through the exercise of their own chemical powers they produce vinegar by a process of fermentation, just as certain other and nearly-related yeast-germs manufacture alcohol out of sugary solutions. By the air also are carried the germs of diseases; and that many of our epidemics are air-borne in their nature and propagation remains a sure fact of health-science. These germs of disease, dispersed broadcast, like the germs of the yeast-plants and of the blue moulds, seek a soil in the shape of the animal frame. Once found, this soil is utilised, and there is witnessed in the case of the body an analogous process to that seen in the wine. The little leaven (of disease) which leavens the whole lump (of the body) is exactly represented by the fever-germ. With the Apostle, one might go further and assert that, sown in weakness, the germ appears in strength. In each case the little living particle, whether of the mould, the yeast-plant, or the fever, reproduces its like. It multiplies exceedingly; the few germs become thousands, and all we see happening, alike in fermentation and in the fever, is merely the result of germ-growth. "Like begets like," and thus the germ reproduces in each case, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, the likeness of the parent to which it owed its origin.

Questions of size are always difficult to settle or determine from a popular point of view, and, when we seek to gain some adequate idea of the dimensions of germs, we are met with the difficulty of translating into terms of common life those of the infinitely little. If we speak of a germ which in length is the one ten-thousandth part of an inch—that is, equals one part of an inch which has been divided, as to its length, into ten thousand parts—we utterly fail to grasp any notion of the size indicated. An appeal to figurative description, while more graphic in character perchance, yet leaves us with the dimmest conceptions of the dimensions of germs. One writer tells us that on the area of a single square inch we could place, in a single layer, a population of common germs or *bacteria*, 100 times as great as the population of London. Graphic as is this estimate, the idea of the actual size of the individual germs remains simply unattainable. It is this diminutive size compared with the great results in the way of disease certain of these germs may and do produce, which is more than sufficient to appal us. Think for a moment of that fatal "wool-sorters' disease" which was formerly prevalent in Bradford. This ailment is caused by the entrance into the human frame of a minute germ, or *bacillus*, with which we are, microscopically, perfectly well acquainted. Sown somehow in the body through handling the wool of animals which have died of a similar disease (known in the animal as "splenic fever") this particle grows and multiplies as we have seen, and kills mankind through its abundant self-reproduction into thousands within the human tissues. Upon human life it would, therefore, seem that disease-germs work their will unmolested. Yet this is by no means the case. Science has, in truth, been up and doing for years past, teaching us how we may scorch and destroy these particles, how we may limit their spread, and how we may protect ourselves and our goods and chattels against their attack. We are far from being helpless in the war we wage against germs, and every year that passes over our heads proves this statement true. The deaths from germ-produced fevers and allied ailments show a steady decrease year by year, and in due season we may reduce such a death-rate to a miserable minimum if the people could only be well trained up in the sanitary ways wherein they should safely and readily walk.

But all our germs are not hurtful, as we have seen, and some exercise in the domain of Nature a decidedly useful function. Long ago, De la Tour showed the world that fermentation was not a result of death, but a consequence of life. It was the result of the growth and multiplying of the yeast-plants in their appropriate soil. Similarly, we open our eyes to the fact that putrefaction and decay are really works and actions wherein the omnipresent "germs" are playing the beneficent part of natural scavengers. They are removing from the earth's surface the fragments of life, and are preventing the world from becoming a perennial charnel-house. Still further may you dive into the useful ways of germs, aided by the eye of science. Darwin has told us of the part played by the earthworm as an underground farmer. Fertility of ground is brought about by the perpetual turn-over which the sub-soil receives at the hands of the worm. Our germs probably accomplish as much for us in this latter direction. They break up and decompose the refuse of life and aid its incorporation with the soil everywhere. If the world might be much the better for the absence of certain germs, it is no less true it would certainly be rendered much the worse by the absence of others. If, on the one hand, certain germs kill or wound us, others, again, make the world purer and sweeter as the result of their work. It is in this, as in so many other things, we are apt to grumble at things as they are because we do not see, or care to notice, the reverse and kindlier side of the medal.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. ADAMS.—Many thanks. Your substituted paragraph appears below.
 P. DALY (Clapham).—The problems are essentially the same, although No. 2 is certainly the better version. We had no intention of imputing anything wrong against you in the matter. Hope to hear from you again.
 R. ST. JOHN CRANE.—Thanks for the problem. We unfortunately are suffering from a glut of two-movers, and cannot promise early insertion, even if suitable.
 Mrs. D. B. NASH (Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.).—We are sorry we cannot answer by post. The problem is quite right, as you will have probably discovered by this time. The solution runs: 1. K to Kt 5th, P to Q 4th; 2. Kt to R 5th, &c.
 F. N. BRAUN.—Game and notes duly to hand, for which we are much obliged.
 J. P. COLE (Sutton).—Black is supposed to play his best, and, therefore, cannot be mated in two moves. A mate in four is beyond the conditions of the problem. There is no mate in three by your proposed solution.
 A. BEGINSER.—There is no British weekly chess periodical. Staunton's "Hand-book" is as good as anything for our purpose.
 R. VON KORZATZKY.—We think the position quite sound, and are surprised that your ingenious but unnecessary emendation has not led you to the correct solution.
 R. B. MORTIMER.—Very fair indeed, but too elementary for our column. What is the piece on White's K Kt sq? A Pawn is clearly impossible.
 J. AMYGDALIS and L. DESANGES.—Received, with thanks.
 CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2315 received from S. Parry, Columbus, N.Y.; Helms, W. Fry (Saltair), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Lieut.-Col. Lorraine, Shadforth, G. P. P. Bernard, Reynolds, R. H. Brooks, Mrs. Kelly (Lifton), R. B. Hamborough, W. H. D. (Woburn), A. W. Hamilton (Exeter), G. J. Veale, Sergeant J. Sage, and A. Newman.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2314.

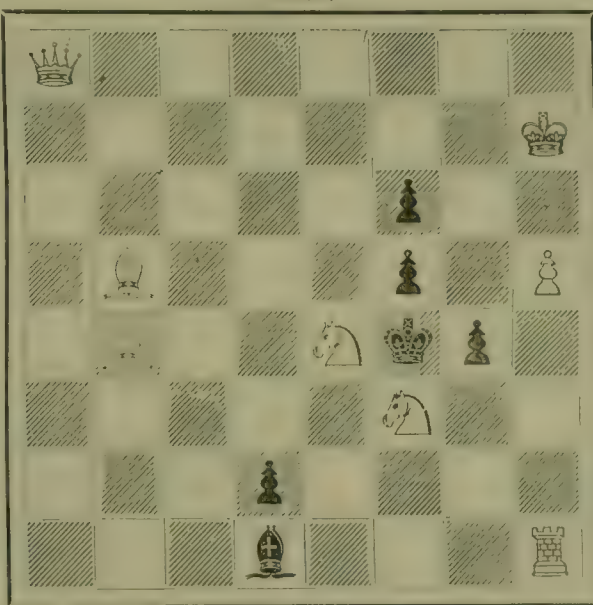
WHITE. BLACK.
 1. Q to K R sq P to B 3rd
 2. B to Q 5th K takes Kt
 3. Q to R 5th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to B 3rd, then 2. Q to R 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2318.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRADFORD CHESS CONGRESS.

Game in the International Masters' Tournament between Messrs. GUNSBURG and MORTIMER.

(Gioco Piano).

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
 4. P to Q 3rd Kt to B 3rd
 5. P to B 3rd Castles
 6. P to Q Kt 4th B to K 2nd
 Loss of time. The Bishop is better posted at Kt 3rd.
 7. Q to Kt 3rd P to K R 3rd
 8. P to Q R 4th P to Q 3rd
 9. Kt to R 4th
 An excellent move, giving White the better opening.
 10. P takes P Kt takes P
 11. Kt to Kt 6th P takes Kt
 There seems no alternative.
 12. B takes Kt (ch) K to R 2nd
 13. Q to B 4th Q to Q 3rd
 Black here exposes his Queen too much to the batteries of the enemy. B to Q 2nd is better, and threatens B to Kt 4th.
 14. B to K 3rd Q to B 3rd
 15. Kt to Q 2nd
 White takes prompt advantage of the noticeable lack of Mr. Mortimer's usual accuracy in the last few moves.
 16. P to Kt 4th B to Q 2nd
 Presumably overlooking White's simple reply.
 17. P to K 4th B to Q 3rd
 The Queen is now in danger, and precautionary measures are necessary for escape.
 18. Kt to K 4th Q to Q sq
 Another oversight: Q to K 2nd is the correct move.
 19. Kt to Kt 5th (ch) K to R sq
 20. Kt to B 7th B takes Kt
 21. B takes R Q to B 3rd
 22. B to Q 5th P to K 5th
 23. P to Kt 5th Q to B sq
 Black's game is not to be saved. With a little care victory is only a question of time for White.
 24. Q takes P R to K sq
 25. Q to B 3rd B to B 4th
 26. B takes Kt P takes B
 27. P takes P P takes P
 28. K to Q 2nd P to K R 4th
 29. Q takes B P Q to B 2nd
 30. K R to K 4th K to B 2nd
 31. B to Q 4th (ch) K to R 2nd
 32. R takes R B to B 5th (ch)
 33. K to B 2nd Q takes R
 34. Q to K 4th Q to B 2nd
 35. K to Kt 2nd B to R 3rd
 36. R to K sq B to K B sq
 37. Q to K 5th Q to Kt sq
 38. Q takes B P Q to B 2nd
 39. Q to K 5th Q to Kt sq
 40. R to K 4th, and wins.

Game between Mr. LOOCK and Mr. GUNSBURG.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. G.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd
 We look upon this as better than P to Q 3rd.
 4. Castles B to K 2nd
 5. P to Q 4th Kt takes P
 6. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q 3rd
 7. B takes Kt Kt takes P
 8. P takes P Kt to Kt 2nd
 9. Kt to Q 4th Castles
 10. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to B 4th
 11. R to K sq R to Kt sq
 12. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to K 3rd
 13. Kt to B 5th B to Kt 5th
 14. Q to K 3rd P to Q 4th
 15. P takes P (en pass.)
 This lets Black's Q R into play; but as White wanted the open file for his B, it suits both parties.
 16. P takes P
 Black's game requires some care at this point. Mr. Gunsburg is equal to the occasion.
 17. Kt to K 4th.
 Too soon, Mr. Loock has an excellent game, and he might have maintained it by simply playing K R to Q sq; if then B takes Kt, Q retakes within position.
 18. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to R sq
 19. Q to R 6th
 Clearly a miscalculation, overlooking the advance of the K B P at the right moment. There is nothing better than to take the B with R, which still leaves some play in the game.
 20. Kt to R 5th (ch) P takes Q
 and White resigns.

We have received the first six numbers of Vol. III. of the *Columbia Chess Chronicle*, an American chess weekly. The whole of its contents is devoted exclusively to this elegant pastime, and much enterprise is shown in giving the necessary variety and interest to its pages. The honours of our country's journalism are well illustrated by its editorials, and their chess skill no less admirably shown in the games and problems. We learn that there is a project on foot to found an American Chess Association, which ought to be a great success, seeing that America holds the honours in both departments of the game.

For the third time in succession Mr. E. J. Winter Wood has won the first prize for the three-movers in the *Sheffield Independent* tourney. We publish above the position with which he has secured this recent honour.

The *Kenilworth Mercury*, one of the best known of suburban newspapers, has started a chess column, another evidence of growing public interest in the game. London is now fairly well supplied in this respect; but the editing too often lacks the vigour displayed by many of the northern journals, where the ardour of editor and contributors is of a most amusing intensity.

DR. W. G. GRACE.

Few men have obtained, even in these days of hero-worship, a prouder position than the subject of the present sketch. His exceptional, one may justifiably say his phenomenal, excellence at the national game of Englishmen has made his name known far and wide; the fame of it has been carried to the uttermost parts of the earth; throughout that vast empire on which the sun never sets it is a household word. Frenchmen, and even Germans, who understand not cricket, but regard it as merely a more than usually extravagant outcome of British eccentricity, have heard of our great player, and know the pedestal whereon he stands among us, even if they pity us for having raised it for him.

Needless to say, it is no ordinary, no ephemeral champion of whom such words as these can be truthfully written. The leviathan of the cricket-field is not one of those who, by laborious perseverance or spasmodic energy, attain the highest pinnacle in their sphere, only to be promptly cast from it by the ceaseless efforts of their rivals. The supremacy he gained at the outset of his career was too great to be disputed, and now, after the lapse of more than two decades, we find the abilities which first made him famous so little impaired by time that he still towers above all competitors, and he is as undeniably the king of cricket as he was in his dashing prime of fifteen years ago. Dr. Grace's record is unique in the world of sport; there never has been in any other branch of it, at any period soever, so marked and long-continued a superiority on the part of one man over all his fellows.

Naturally, such a cricketer as this is, like the poet, "born, not made," however greatly judicious instruction and assiduous practice may have developed the inherited talent. William Gilbert Grace comes of a good athletic stock. His father, Dr. Henry Mills Grace—and we may here mention incidentally that all the males of this Gloucestershire family have belonged to the medical profession—was an excellent performer with bat and ball, who by managerial energy and active assistance in the field worked up the local club (the "Mangotsfield") to such a pitch of excellence that the older and larger "West Gloucestershire" body was fain to amalgamate with it. And his mother, who had been a Miss Pocock, had the true Anglo-Saxon blood in her veins, and took as keen a delight in cricket as any member of her family. This, by-the-way, included five sons and four daughters; all the former cricketers and all the latter keen and sympathetic onlookers, though we must regretfully discredit the pretty story that they were the earliest instructors of the subsequent champion. His father, his elder brothers, and his uncle, Mr. Pocock, were his tutors in the pastime, and there was not one among them from whom the young aspirant could not derive some valuable cricket lesson. The eldest of the boy Graces was Henry, the second, Alfred; and both of these were good average players, able on occasion to enrich a total with a three-figure innings. Edward Mills Grace, the first to make the patronymic famous, came next, having been born in 1841, seven years earlier than the brother whose doings were to cast all others in the shade. William Gilbert saw the light on July 18, 1848, and in 1850 George Frederick arrived to complete the famous trio of younger sons, "The Three Graces," with whose renown every schoolboy is familiar. Before W. G. came into prominence, his brother, E. M., was undoubtedly the best batsman for run-getting in England, and to this day, veteran as he is, he is still a terror to loose bowlers. Poor Frederick passed away from the sport he loved so well in 1880, having played for his county versus Australia a short time before his death, and being considered inferior only to his brother Gilbert.

To give a complete record of the myriad deeds which have made the latter celebrated would require more space than we have at command; but certain statistics we are bound to furnish, lest anyone should feel inclined to cavil at what may seem the exuberance of the foregoing remarks. W. G.'s first public appearance in the field was for West Gloucestershire v. Badminton, when, at the early age of nine, he scored 3, not out. In 1860, in his twelfth year, he played an innings of 51 for West Gloucestershire v. Clifton; and for the same club, against the same antagonists, he commenced the season of 1863 with an innings of 86. In his sixteenth year, playing for South Wales v. Gentlemen of Sussex, he scored, after it had been suggested that he should stand out of the team for a more experienced player, two fine innings of 170 and 56, not out. At seventeen he made his first appearance for the Gentlemen v. the Players—a contest the record of which his individual skill entirely revolutionised during subsequent years. Since 1865 he has played in these matches alone over eighty innings at an average of about 45 runs per innings. At eighteen years of age he proved his exceptional powers by a grand innings of 221, not out, for England v. Surrey; and since that time his three-figure innings have been altogether too numerous to specify here. Suffice it to say that he has compiled one score of 400, not out; two of over 300; ten of over 200; and 124 of 100 and upwards! When it is considered that the large majority of these scores have been made in first-class matches, comment becomes, indeed, superfluous! His 400, not out, does not happen to be the largest score on record, for Mr. Stoddart compiled 485 in a small match at Hampstead; though it is a matter of certainty that, had Dr. Grace been able to spare time for a fair proportion of second-class cricket, the glory of the biggest individual scorer would have been his also. He is the only batsman who has ever aggregated over 2000 runs in a season, in first-class matches: he has more than once surpassed 3000! He is the only batsman who has ever, in first-class matches, compiled two "centuries" in one match: he has done it three times—once in the present (his forty-first) year! He has made the largest score on record in a first-class match—viz., 344 for M.C.C. v. Kent; and within a fortnight he made the largest recorded score in a county match—318, not out, v. Yorkshire. The last-named is probably his greatest achievement; though the 400, not out, being made with twenty-two men of Great Grimsby in the field, runs it hard. For fifteen consecutive years he was at the head of the batting averages, being temporarily deposed, in 1881, by Mr. A. N. Hornby, a player who, for pluck, endurance, and knowledge of the game, has for more than twenty years been a keen rival of the champion, and who even now is worthy of a place in an England Eleven. Dr. Grace's record in all first-class matches since the outset of his career is an aggregate of over 33,000 runs at an average of over forty-five runs per innings! In Australian matches he has been uniformly successful, making runs even when all others have signally failed, and the unanimous opinion of colonists is that there never has been, and never will be, a batsman like him.

As a bowler he has always been near the top of the tree, and in one season, 1877, he was absolutely the most successful performer with the ball in all England. As a field, he is marvellously good everywhere; and, as a cricketer generally, he has always been "thorough." His merits were publicly recognised in 1879, when he was presented with a testimonial, to which cricket-lovers, from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales downwards, cheerfully subscribed. In conclusion, we may add that in his youth he was one of the fastest runners in England, winning over seventy prizes, and that at present he has few superiors at the totally different pastime of whist!

ENGLISH HOMES, No. XV.—WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE.



1. The Park, from Wentworth House. 2. The Well Gate. 3. Paddock Lodge. 4. The Stables. 5. The Mausoleum. 6. Waterfall in the Grounds.

THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT.

Earl Fitzwilliam commenced keeping hounds at Wentworth in 1860. The Fitzwilliam hounds from Milton, Northamptonshire, up to that time used to come for cub-hunting. For many years after his Lordship established a pack at Wentworth, it was usual to do the early cub-hunting on his Coolattin estate in Ireland, with part of the pack and two of the whips, under his own management; the other part of the pack hunting the Wentworth country. Of late years, since his Lordship gave up the "horn"—that is to say, hunting the hounds himself—this custom has been discontinued, and cub-hunting has usually begun about Doncaster race-week in the home coverts. Up to the second Monday in November, Lord Fitzwilliam hunts a portion of the Badsworth country, which, notwithstanding the fact that several of the coverts belong to the Fitzwilliam family, has, by fox-hunting laws, to be handed over to the Badsworth hunt. Probably, no country in England is hunted under such great difficulties, in consequence of its large population, railways, and other obstacles. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, his Lordship has always shown good sport, no expense having been spared in the breeding of his hounds; and the greater portion of his stud consists of thoroughbred horses. These are mostly bred by himself, and among the sires used in recent years have been Warlock, Hurton, Exchequer, Lecturer, King of Scots, Reveller, Xenophon, and others. One feature of this country is the number of fine gorse coverts which have been planted in suitable places entirely at his Lordship's expense, and without which it would be impossible to preserve foxes. Among his hunt servants have been Butler, Harry Ayres, Joe Orbell, James Roffey, George Kennett, and Will Dale, and the present efficient and popular huntsman is Frank Bartlett.

The hunting gentlemen of Sheffield, Rotherham, Doncaster,

and the surrounding country, are greatly indebted to Lord Fitzwilliam for providing such excellent sport in their immediate locality, and for turning out a pack of hounds three days a week, with all their equipments, second to no other pack in the kingdom; and this entirely at his own cost, in every way. Were it not that Lord Fitzwilliam owns such extensive estates, and is liberal with his purse and a thorough sportsman, hunting could not be carried on in this locality.

There is no more exhilarating scene than to see the hounds meet on the lawn at Wentworth, with Lord Fitzwilliam and his sons and daughters mounted on most perfect hunters, and with the "four-in-hand" carrying Lady Fitzwilliam and her friends.

About a year ago it was decided by the hunting people to ask Lord Fitzwilliam if he would accept an oil painting of himself on horseback, with portraits of some of his favourite hounds, and he consented to sit for the same. When the project became known throughout the hunt, the subscriptions flowed in so rapidly that the committee found themselves in a position to include in the picture, besides his Lordship, the Ladies Alice and Alfredda Fitzwilliam, the huntsman, Frank Bartlett, and his Lordship's faithful second horseman, George Treton. Mr. W. H. Hopkins was the artist selected to paint the picture, and this he has done most successfully, with the assistance of Mr. Havell, who is responsible for the portraits.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool last week with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, bringing 3004 cattle, 2781 sheep, and 5150 quarters of beef.

The Jewish High Festival in celebration of the commencement of the new year of the Jewish calendar commenced on Thursday—an exceptionally early date. Last year it was thirteen days later, and in 1886 twenty-four days later.

EARL FITZWILLIAM'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

Among the numerous presentations made to the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam in celebration of their golden wedding, Sept. 10, 1888, not the least interesting is that from the miners and workpeople employed at the Fitzwilliam Collieries, Elsecar and Low Stubbin. This consists of an illuminated address, with a beautiful illuminated album, containing 1000 signatures of the subscribers, and a Norman cross, carved in oak, which reproduces the form of the ancient Sprotborough cross. The illuminated address is a very handsome and artistic piece of workmanship. The body of the address is inscribed in Old English Text, and above it are emblazoned the Fitzwilliam arms. The whole is enclosed in an elaborate and tasteful floral border, of modern design. At the top, and at the two sides, are vignettes, in sepia, one containing a view of Wentworth House, one a representation of the Norman cross, and the third a trophy of miners' tools. The address is placed in a handsome gilt frame, with the Fitzwilliam arms carved to form a centrepiece. The illuminated album is also a work of art. On the first page is a photograph of the framed and illuminated address; the second page bears an inscription recording the gift and its occasion; the names fill eleven pages, with a view of the collieries. The album is handsomely bound in cream morocco, with ornamental pierced gold corners and clasp, and a centrepiece engraved with the Fitzwilliam arms. It is enclosed in a morocco case with a lock, with gold mountings. The decorations of the address and album were designed and executed by Mr. R. C. Honey, of the firm of Parker and Honey, law-stationers, bookbinders, and lithographers, Bank-street, Sheffield. The carved-oak reproduction of the ancient Norman cross was executed by Messrs. Thornhill and Co., New Bond-street, London.



THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT: PICTURE PRESENTED TO EARL FITZWILLIAM ON HIS GOLDEN WEDDING.

ASCENSION ISLAND.

it has at length been finally decided by the Admiralty to abandon the use of the isle of Ascension as a coaling-station for ships of the Royal Navy. Ascension, which has been a British naval station since 1820, having been first garrisoned in 1815 by a detachment of troops from St. Helena, and subsequently by a company of Marines, is well known to all officers of the naval service. It is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, 900 miles from Africa, 760 miles from St. Helena, and nearly 3500 miles from England, the geographical position being in latitude 7 deg. 56 min. south of the Equator, and longitude 14 deg. 25 min. west of Greenwich. The island is but seven miles and a half long, from west to east, and six miles and a half broad, from north to south, with a surface of thirty-eight square miles. It is very rugged and barren, consisting of extinct volcanic craters, lava streams and beds, more or less decomposed, and ravines filled with scoria and pumice-stone. The Green Mountain, however, rising to a height of 2820 ft., is wooded and in some parts, towards the summit, has pieces of fertile soil cleared for cultivation. The climate is esteemed one of the most salubrious in the world; the air is very dry, and the heat is constantly tempered by the south-east trade-wind; in the hottest months the temperature ranges from 85 deg. on the shore to 76 deg. on the high land. There is little rain at any season, and the few springs discovered in the woods yield but a limited supply of fresh water. The sea-turtle come from Christmas to Midsummer (which is not summer in Ascension) to lay their eggs in the sand. They are caught and turned over, to prevent them from escaping, and are confined in ponds, from which they are sold to the ships; a turtle, weighing from 600 lb. to 800 lb., fetches a price of £2 10s. The eggs of a migratory bird, called the "wide-awake," are also collected and sold for food. There is no good harbour, but a bay on the west side of the island, often with a heavy swell and high surf, which makes landing troublesome in the earlier months of the year. On the shore of this bay is Georgetown, a little station, with

store-houses, tanks, and a small fort, governed by a post-captain of the Royal Navy. The inhabitants, as well as the garrison, are under naval discipline, inasmuch that the whole island is rated as a stationary vessel belonging to her Majesty's Fleet, and is often called, in joke, H.M.S. Flora, tender to the guard-ship at the Cape. All the work of building and road-making, and laying out gardens, has been done by the garrison of Royal Marines. Ascension was useful in former times as a dépôt for the squadron employed in suppressing the slave-trade between West Africa and Brazil. Since then, the Royal Naval Hospital established on the top of Green Mountain has been found beneficial, though its maintenance in such a situation is too costly, and the scarcity of water is a serious defect. The gardens of the hospital, and the "Home Gardens," have often been praised by visitors, and are very pleasant. The inhabitants of Ascension number about two hundred people, and probably but few families will remain when the patronage of the Royal Navy is taken away. It would then be a safe place of retirement for any gentleman of a solitary and contemplative disposition, who could there dine on turtle more cheaply than in the City of London.

We are indebted to Surgeon Miller, R.N., of the Naval Hospital at Ascension, for sending us a series of photographic views, taken by himself.

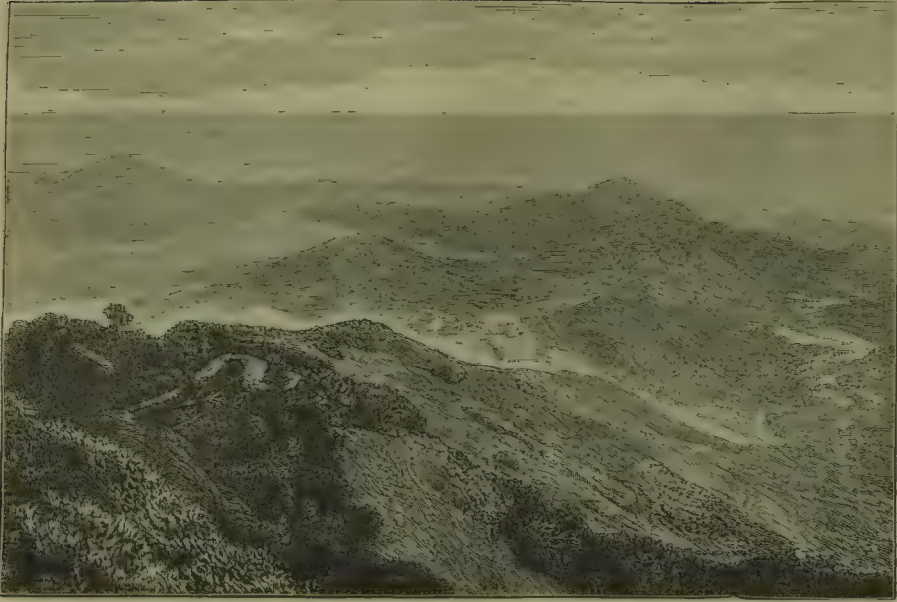
The marriage of Colonel Frank Shirley Russell, of Aden, with Miss Philippa Baillie, younger daughter of the late Right Hon. Henry James Baillie, of Redcastle, and Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany, took place in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Sept. 1. Captain Burn Murdoch (Royal Dragoons) attended the bridegroom as best man; and the six bridesmaids were the Misses Ella and Ida Baillie, the Ladies Isabel and May Browne, and Miss May Colville, all cousins of the bride, and Miss Augusta Webb, of Newstead. The Duchess of Albany, accompanied by the Duke of Albany and Princess Alice, was present. The bride was led to the altar by her uncle, Colonel Hugh Baillie, who afterwards gave

her away. The service was fully choral. The wedding presents to the bride include from the Duchess of Albany a gold bracelet set with diamonds and rubies, and an enlarged photograph of herself; the Duke of Albany, a silver tea-caddy; and Princess Alice of Albany, a piece of knitting worked by herself. The officers of the Royal Dragoons presented the bridegroom with a massive silver bowl.

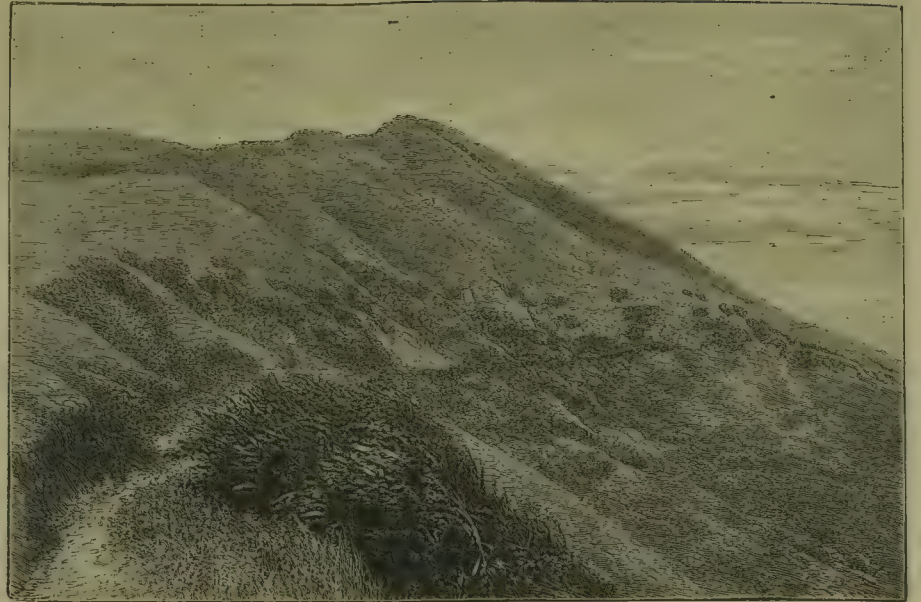
"The Beginner's Guide to Photography," published by Messrs. Perken and Rayment, of Hatton-garden, treats clearly and concisely of the apparatus and requirements necessary to engage in the delightful pastime of photography, and will be found most useful to amateurs.

The Printers' fête at the Alexandra Palace, in aid of the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation ("Drummond" Pension), will take place on Saturday, Sept. 8. The programme includes two variety entertainments, military tournament, athletic sports, Caxton Minstrels, grand English opera, Professor Baldwin's balloon ascent, a display of fireworks, and a quadrille party in the evening.

From statistics just published, dealing with the richest men living, we learn that there are about 700 with over a million sterling, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany and Austria, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India, and 125 in other countries. The richest amongst those millionaires are the following:—Jay Gould, the American railway king, worth £55,000,000, annual income, £2,800,000; Mackay, £50,000,000, £2,500,000; Rothschild (England), £40,000,000, £2,000,000; Vanderbilt, £25,000,000, £2,250,000; J. B. Jones (United States), £20,000,000, £1,000,000; Duke of Westminster, £16,000,000, £800,000; J. J. Astor (United States), £10,000,000, £500,000; W. Stewart (United States), £8,000,000, £400,000; J. G. Bennett (United States), £6,000,000, £300,000; Duke of Sutherland, £6,000,000, £300,000; Duke of Northumberland, £5,000,000, £250,000; Marquis of Bute, £4,000,000, annual income £200,000.



GENERAL VIEW OF ASCENSION ISLAND, FROM GREEN MOUNTAIN.



MOUNTAIN PEAK AND ELLIOT'S PASS, ASCENSION ISLAND.



BUNG-HOLE-SQUARE, FACTORY, AND STABLES.



THE TURTLE POND.



END OF ROAD UP HILL, ENTRANCE TO HOME GARDENS.



ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL, GREEN MOUNTAIN.



BACK GATE OF MOUNTAIN HOSPITAL.



GREEN MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

**MOURNING.**

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JAY'S, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and three codicils of the late Gustavus Lambart Basset, Esq., have been proved by the executors and trustees, William Francis Higgins, Esq., and Edmund Chase Marriott, Esq. The will recites that under a family settlement (dated March 3, 1854), and under the will of John Francis Basset, the testator was tenant for life and his son tenant in tail of the Basset estates, which became the property of the Basset family in the twelfth century, and had since that time been held in the direct male line, and the testator desires that his son on coming of age shall resettle the estates in the manner indicated in the will. The testator bequeaths to his widow, Mrs. Basset, legacies, pecuniary and specific, in addition to the provisions made for her by marriage settlement. The testator further bequeaths to each of his trustees £1000, and to Mr. Marriott the further legacy of £1000 and his gold watch; to his aunt, the Hon. Jane Moreton, an annuity of £100; to Henrietta Price and Helene Price, and the survivor, an annuity of £120; to William Bond the elder, an annuity of £120; to his butler, Uriah Rice, an annuity of £80; to Mary Elizabeth Connor, £1 per week; to Edward Young, 5s. per week; to Walter Buckerfield, a legacy of £30 and an annuity of £25; to Jane Wilson, an annuity of £30. The residue of the testator's estate is bequeathed to the trustees of the will, upon trust, for his only son, Arthur Francis Basset, if he should attain the age of twenty-one and execute the resettlement directed by the will; but if he should die under twenty-one, upon trust, for Mrs. Basset, during her life, and, after her death, upon trusts corresponding to the present settlement of the Basset estates; and if he should attain the age of twenty-one and not execute the resettlement, then, upon trusts, for the benefit of the testator's friend William Henry Campion and his family; and if such trusts should fail, then, upon trust, to pay the annual sum of £600 to the Miners' Hospital at Redruth, and the annual sum of £300 to the Women's Hospital at Redruth, and to hold the residue, upon trust, for St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner. The net value of the personal estate is sworn at £102,596 5s. 5d.

The will (dated March 8, 1888) of Mr. Joseph Sherwood, late of No. 61, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on June 27 last at Westgate-on-Sea, was proved on Aug. 21 by Carr Wigg and Thomas Henry Sherwood, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £95,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Clergy Ladies' Homes (Formosa-street, Maida-hill, and Westmoreland-road, Westbourne-park); £300 to the London Diocesan Deaconess Institution (Tavistock-crescent, Westbourne-park); £200 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates in Populous Places, the National Society for the Education of the Poor, King's College Hospital, and St. Michael's Convalescent Home (Westgate-on-Sea); £100 each to the Asylum for Female Orphans, the School for the Indigent Blind, the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Children, the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, the Philanthropic School (Redhill), the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Infant Orphan Asylum, the London Orphan Asylum, the Church Penitentiary Association, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, St. John's Foundation School (Leatherhead), the Blue-coat School (Westminster), the British Orphan Asylum, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the National Benevolent Institution, the Foundling Hospital Benevolent Fund, the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, the City of London Truss Society, the Seaside Convalescent Home (Seaford), the East London Church Fund, and the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation; and considerable legacies, upon trust, for nephews and nieces, including £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Mrs. Sarah Gay and her children; and legacies also to friends, executors, late clerk, and servants. The ultimate residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nieces and nephews Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Oliver, Mrs. Anna Hedley, Carr Wigg, and Thomas Henry Sherwood, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 24, 1880), with a codicil (dated Sept. 8, 1885), of Mr. Frederick Vickers, late of Dykes Hall, Wadsley, Ecclesfield, York, steel manufacturer, who died on April 30 last, was proved on Aug. 25 last by Thomas Edward Vickers, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. Subject to a legacy of £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Maria Vickers, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay half the annual income thereof to his wife during her life or widowhood, but in the event of her again marrying she is only to receive an annuity of £600. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property to his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 29, 1887) and four codicils (three dated Aug. 23, 1887; and one, March 19, 1888) of the Rev. George Edward Prescott, Rector of Digswell, Herts, who died on June 25 last, were proved on Aug. 13 last by Mrs. Caroline Mary Prescott, the widow, Charles Henry Prescott, and Henry Warner Prescott, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £55,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, all his household furniture, plate, horses and carriages, and live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Mary Prescott; £20 each to the Clergy Orphan Association, the Poor Clergy

Relief Association, the Friends of the Clergy Association, the Bishop of St. Albans Fund and the Herts Local branches of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates, the Hertford General Infirmary, and the Herts Seaside Convalescent Homes; £1 each to the present members of the Digswell Coal and Clothing Club, and numerous legacies and annuities to relatives and servants. He devises the advowson, donation, right of patronage, and presentation of the living of Digswell to his nephew, Arthur Phillimore; and his messuages, hereditaments, marsh and other lands in the county of Kent, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and, at her death, to his grandnephew and godson William George Prescott Decie, and his heirs. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and, at her death, between the children of his sister, Mrs. Harriet Phillimore (except Georgiana Phillimore), his late sisters, Lady Preston and Mrs. Preston, and his late brother, Colonel Prescott.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1870) of Captain James St. Clair Doyle, late of No. 49, Cobham-street, Gravesend, formerly of the 53rd Foot, who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 24 by Mrs. Anne Doyle, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £30,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife, Mrs. Anne Doyle, absolutely.

The will (dated March 11 1886) and a codicil (dated June 30, 1887) of Mr. Joseph Withers, formerly of No. 1, Shorters-court, Old Broad-street, stockbroker, and late of Burleigh House, Enfield, who died on July 12, were proved on Aug. 2, by Mrs. Emma Mary Withers, the widow, George John Braikenridge, and Henry John Winney, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Emma Mary Withers, for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated May 2, 1876) of Mr. Robert Alexander Clarke, late of Moses Gate, No. 41, Bolton-place, Farnworth, Lancaster, who died on June 13 last, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Agnes Clarke the widow, John Holden Clarke and James Macfarlane Clarke the sons, and William Alexander Ferguson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator directs that all his real and personal estate is to be converted into money, and then equally divided between all his children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

King Humbert unveiled at Ravenna on Sept. 1 monuments to the Martyrs to Liberty, and to Anita, wife of Garibaldi. On his Majesty's departure from the town there was another outburst of popular enthusiasm, and it was noticed that in the crowd were a number of Garibaldians, who wore red shirts. On the 3rd, King Humbert visited Faenza, where he received a hearty welcome. His Majesty afterwards returned to Forlì, and, accompanied by the Crown Prince, the Duke of Aosta, and his son, the Count of Turin, proceeded to the railway station to meet Queen Margherita. On her Majesty's arrival the Royal party drove to the palace through the streets thronged with people, who cheered vociferously, and threw showers of flowers into the Royal carriage as it passed. The King and Queen afterwards appeared several times on the balcony. In connection with the manoeuvres of the Italian army, King Humbert, the Queen, Crown Prince, and Minister for War, on the 4th, reviewed the troops on the parade-ground near Forlì. The people cheered the soldiers and the Royal family.

The German Emperor left Potsdam early on Aug. 30, met the Crown Prince of Greece and Prince Henry, and inspected some infantry and cavalry, afterwards heading a squadron to the late Emperor's palace. His Majesty subsequently received the Austrian Archduke Karl Ludwig, the Archduchess, the King of Sweden, and other distinguished personages. The Emperor, accompanied by his future brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Greece, went on Sept. 4 to the manoeuvres near Jüterbogk. His Majesty returned in the afternoon to Potsdam, but the Crown Prince of Greece remained with the troops until the end of the week.—The christening of the youngest of the Hohenzollern Princes, the first born son of a reigning German Emperor, took place on Aug. 31 in Frederick the Great's Library in the Potsdam Palace, in exact accordance with the traditional usage of the House of Hohenzollern—the child receiving the names of "Oscar, Carl, Gustav, Adolf."—The betrothal of Princess Sophie, daughter of the Empress Frederick and third sister of the Emperor William, with the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece, took place at Potsdam on Sept. 3. The Princess, who is, of course, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, is eighteen; while the Greek Crown Prince, who is a nephew of the Princess of Wales, is a little over twenty.—The Empress Frederick has been on a visit to the Prince of Wales and Princess Christian at Homburg.—Prince Bismarck has dispatched a telegram to the Pope, in which he explains the reasons of the approaching visit of the Emperor William to Rome. The Chancellor says that the alliance with Italy is indispensable to Germany, and that its object is to secure the predominance of peace principles in Europe.—The anniversary

of the Battle of Sedan was celebrated at Berlin on Sept. 1 by a review of the Guards by the Emperor, in the presence of the King of Saxony and other distinguished visitors.

The Emperor of Austria paid a visit on Sept. 1 to the Czarina at the Villa Cumberland, at Gmünd. He subsequently called on the Princess of Wales. The distinguished visitors all lunched together, after which his Majesty took his departure. The Czarina left in the evening for Russia.—The Emperor Francis Joseph, the Crown Prince Rudolph, the Archduke Albrecht, the Austrian War Minister, and the Chief of the General Staff have been at Pisek, in Bohemia, where manoeuvres with two complete Infantry Divisions and one brigade of the Landwehr were to have taken place on the 3rd. The rain of the last week, however, so completely converted the manoeuvre ground into a lake that all operations were impossible. Under these circumstances, the Emperor contented himself with a march-past of the assembled troops. On the 4th the Emperor left Pisek for Budweis, in Bohemia, which has been completely flooded by the overflow of the Moldau. His Majesty has had a most enthusiastic reception in Bohemia.—The national rifle meeting of Austria, held in Vienna this year in honour of the Emperor's fortieth year of reign, was opened on the 2nd under most depressing conditions of weather. All the principal streets of the city were beflagged, and crowds assembled to witness the arrival of deputations of riflemen from every part of the country. But it rained incessantly.—The International Congress of Geologists and Engineering Miners assembled at Vienna on the 3rd. Of the 400 members the majority are Austrians and Hungarians; but there are also delegates from Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy.

The Emperor of Russia, with his younger son, Michael, returned to Peterhof on Sept. 3 from the Grand Duke Sergei's country seat at Ilinskoe, near Moscow. The Empress, with the Heir-Apparent and his sister Xenia, also returned to Peterhof from Austria. The Czar, accompanied by the Czarina, has started on a two months' tour through the southern Governments of the Empire.—General Prjevalsky started on Aug. 30 on his exploring expedition in Central Asia. His intention is to penetrate as far as Lhasa, in Tibet, travelling by way of the Lob Nor Lake in Eastern Turkestan.

The King of Denmark, accompanied by his brother, Prince John of Glücksburg, returned to Copenhagen on Sept. 4, from Wiesbaden; they were received by the Queen and other members of the Danish Royal family, including the King of the Hellenes.

The Consistorial Court at Belgrade, to which was referred King Milan's petition for a divorce from Queen Natalie, has adjourned the proceedings for three months.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Constantinople on Aug. 29, and, after being welcomed by Turkish Ministers on behalf of the Sultan, he landed, and was conveyed with his suite in Imperial carriages to Yildiz Kiosk, where the Sultan received him. Sir William White, the British Ambassador, gave a dinner in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh on the 30th. There were present at the banquet Kiamil Pasha, Said Pasha, the members of the Diplomatic Body, and some of the principal Court and State functionaries. After the dinner a reception was held at the Embassy. The illuminations on both banks of the Bosphorus, on the 31st, to celebrate the anniversary of the Sultan's accession, were on a grander scale than usual because of the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh. On Sept. 1 his Royal Highness dined with the Sultan, and attended the regatta. In the evening he dined at the Embassy. The Sultan has conferred upon the Duke the gold and silver medals of the Nishan-i-Imtiaz Order. His Royal Highness left Constantinople on the 2nd.

The United States House of Representatives have passed a Bill making it unlawful hereafter for Chinese labourers to return to the United States after having left the country.

Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, arrived at Ottawa on Aug. 30 from his recent tour. The Cabinet will shortly arrange for the discussion of the admission of Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation.

The Queensland Ministry has resigned, in consequence of the refusal of the Governor to sanction the release, under the Offenders Probation Act, of a prisoner under sentence for larceny.

We learn from New Zealand that a serious earthquake took place on Sept. 1 throughout both islands. Five distinct shocks were felt, causing the inhabitants to flee from their homes. At Christchurch the cathedral spire was injured, and other buildings were damaged, but no lives were lost.

The great firework festival of the year is undoubtedly Brock's Benefit, at the Crystal Palace, which took place on Sept. 6, with, as usual, a long and varied day's enjoyment, ending with the great display and illumination for which the natural and artistic beauties of the Crystal Palace are so splendidly adapted.

The lists of the names of those persons liable to serve as special and common jurymen in England and Wales during the year are exhibited on the doors of every church, chapel, and other public places of worship over England and Wales, where they can be inspected by everyone, and where they will remain during the next two Sundays.

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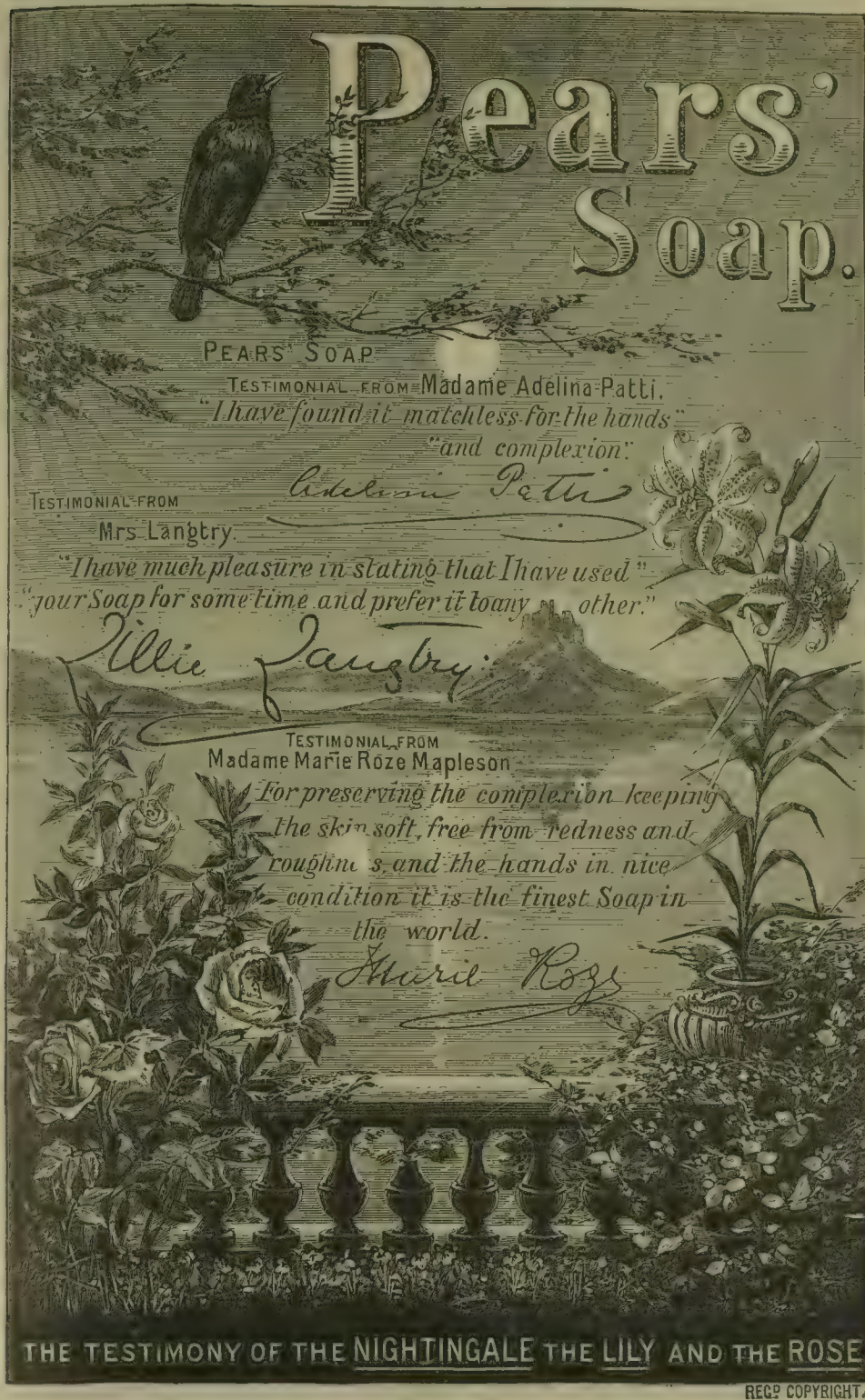
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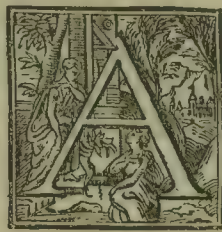
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What d'ye lack, my Masteres,
What d'ye lack?

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A SCENE IN NORTH DEVON.

## HOME-TRAVEL.

"Perfect summer weather in England," says Hawthorne, "is the most delightful weather in the world"; and if sunshine and blue sky can be secured in September, what greater pleasure can a man desire than a walk, or drive, or a ride on horseback through some lovely English county? Which shall he choose? So beautiful and so varied is the

scenery of this island that every taste can be gratified. And not only is there scenery to attract, but every town, every village, we had almost said every hamlet, has some association that links the present with the past. We learn history as we travel in England: the history which ought to have the greatest interest for us; and how pleasantly acquired is the knowledge gained in this way! When on a holiday, indeed, the delight to be won from Nature will be our first object. We ask for perfect freedom to wander where we list, with or without a definite purpose; we don't want to see sights or to gain acquaintance with all the "lions" of the guide-books. Independence is the happy traveller's first law; you mar his enjoyment if you tell him to visit some great house or picture gallery, a famous church, or half-ruined castle! Let him take his chance of seeing or not seeing, for it is what is unexpected in travel that gives the greatest delight to the traveller. The man who in his eagerness to get knowledge and to miss nothing follows with the minutest attention the directions of his Hand-book, is not the kind of companion I should choose in a tour about England. And, indeed, unless by special good fortune one finds

a friend whose likes and dislikes harmonise with one's own, I feel inclined to agree with Milton that "solitude sometimes is best society."

The most wayward tourist is supposed to make his choice of locality before starting on his travels—though I know men, and have a fellow-feeling with them, who trust to what is called the chapter of accidents, and who, after starting, let us say, for a tour in Dorsetshire, find themselves at nightfall in Devon.

There is beauty enough in either county to fill eye and heart to overflowing through many a month's pilgrimage. Charles II. said of Dorset, which he knew only too well, that he had never seen a finer country in England or out of it; and assuredly the western part of the shire is worthy even of this eulogy. The coast line is very fine, and the county, though destitute of rivers, abounds in streams; the land is hilly, though not mountainous; the views in all directions are beautiful; and it has been justly said that few counties so thoroughly repay the pedestrian tourist. The fine scenery in the neighbourhood of Lyme is dear to all who know it; and don't we all remember (for, of course, every reader of this paper is familiar with Jane Austen) the youthful party that drove on a November day to the old town, and how one adventurous young lady, jumping off the Cobb, materially assisted the novelist's plot by hurting herself in doing so! "Persuasion" should be a popular volume among summer readers at Lyme.

This, however, is not the place to talk of books, though it is scarcely possible to visit North Devon without a thought of "Lorna Doone" and of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Emerson said that to know England well would take a century: to know Devonshire as it deserves to be known, even in its northern district, will need many a week of pedestrian travel. One of the finest bits of scenery in Devonshire is said to be the descent into Lynmouth by the Barnstaple road; but the scenery all round Lynton and Lynmouth is so superlatively beautiful that no single view can fairly claim precedence. I do not know anything even in the Lake country that will satisfy more fully the lover of nature. The Lyn, bounding over its rocks until, on reaching Lynmouth, the sea rushes up to meet it, has not the serene beauty of some of the South Devon rivers; but in its own vehement, eager way it is unrivalled. Sad to say, no poet has sung its charms; but no matter! A river that can never be forgotten by those who have once known and loved it may well be content with the affection that is more humbly expressed in prose. Lynmouth, it has been asserted, is, for a few summer months—and assuredly September may be included among them—the Paradise of England; but later on the narrow valley surrounded by lofty hills loses its sunshine, and with sunshine its joyousness departs. Lynmouth is but one spot among a hundred in Devonshire that may allure the rambler. When he has seen Clovelly, with its ladder-like street and lovely Hobby Woods; when he has boated on the Tamar and the Dart; when he has explored Dartmoor, through all its wildest recesses—then he will be able to say that he knows a little about Devon, and I am sure he will add also that he longs to know more.

Another English county in which a month of travel may be spent cheerily is Surrey—which has the smoke of London in one corner, while in another Nature seems to be far removed from the gloom and stir of town, so fair are its rural solitudes, its noble woods, its heath-covered commons, its half-wild, half-cultivated parks, and the prospects from its hills. In Surrey, near as it is to London, the traveller comes face to face with Nature, for there is many a spot in the little county where

he may wander for some distance and hear no voices but hers. Let him find his way, for example, from Albury to Ewhurst, from Abinger to Leith Hill, from Hindhead to Blackmoor, and if he love solitude and his own thoughts he can enjoy them to the full.

Sussex, too, like Surrey, is a county full of natural charms, but being at the Londoner's door it is apt to be neglected. Its watering-places are familiar enough, but the characteristics of Sussex scenery are not to be found at Brighton or Bognor, at Eastbourne or Hastings. It is on the Downs and under their shadow that the lover of nature will find a rich reward. The "tremendous height" of these Downs appalled the poet Cowper a little unreasonably; and I don't agree with Gilbert White, who, however, seldom uses the wrong word in describing nature, when he called them a "chain of majestic mountains." The writer of Murray's "Hand-book of Sussex," however, says, with truth, that the South Downs, which extend for fifty-three miles in length, with an average height of about 500 feet, are quite as interesting as many parts of the Continent that enjoy a far higher reputation. Any tourist unfamiliar with these fine heights, and the out-of-the-world villages that nestle beneath them, should read Mr. Jennings's "Field-Paths and Green Lanes," a volume it is impossible to lay down without wishing to follow in the author's track.

Looking over the map, what happy memories cheer the man who has been accustomed from year to year to wander about England! He will agree with the saying of Thomas Fuller, that it is well to know his native land before going over the threshold. Would that leisure were as inexhaustible as the charms of our English scenery! But if the late summer and pleasant autumn time is not in too great a hurry to fade into winter, much lasting delight may be gained even from a few weeks of travel. Thanks to the railroad, it is easy, in a few hours, to reach the district we may select for our rambles; and whether it be Derbyshire, with its lovely dales, or Yorkshire, which in its vast space includes almost every variety of scenery; or the Lake country, with its thousand poetical associations; or the still wild border-land of which Scott has written so delightfully—whether the tourist choose Norfolk for its churches, or Somersetshire for the fine scenery of its Mendips and Quantocks, or Cornwall for its unrivalled coast views, he can hardly fail to gain a store of happy memories for winter hours. And such memories have no drawbacks, for we forget or laugh at the little annoyances to which all travellers are liable, and think only of the things of beauty that served to make the way cheery.

J. D.

The Cheshire Agricultural Society's show opened at Chester on Aug. 31 in brilliant weather, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, with a total of 475 entries, a larger number than last year at Crewe; for although the entry of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs show a slight falling off, the deficiency is more than made up in the splendid show of cheese and butter, seeds and vegetables, and farm produce. In the cheese classes there was a keen competition.

The three months during which the Inner Temple Gardens were open to the public nightly ended on Aug. 31, and it is satisfactory to state that, notwithstanding the large numbers of children who visited these gardens on every fine evening, there was not the slightest damage done to either plants, shrubs, or trees.—The gardens of Lincoln's Inn will remain open for the benefit of the poor children inhabiting the surrounding densely-populated districts until the end of September from five o'clock in the evening until dusk.

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| Monday, Sept. 10 | 9 10 a.m.         | 9 20 a.m. | 7 40 p.m. |
| Tuesday, " 11    | 9 10 " "          | 9 20 " "  | 7 40 " "  |
| Wednesday, " 12  | 9 10 " "          | 9 20 " "  | 7 40 " "  |
| Thursday, " 13   | 9 10 " "          | 9 20 " "  | 7 40 " "  |
| Friday, " 14     | 11 5 " "          | 11 10 " " | 9 40 " "  |
| Saturday, " 15   | 1 0 p.m.          | 1 5 p.m.  | 11 45 " " |

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## WALKER'S



OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF BERKELEY.

The Right Hon. George Lennox Rawdon Berkeley, seventh Earl of Berkeley, died on Aug. 27. He was born in 1827, the youngest son of General Sir George Henry Frederick Berkeley, K.C.B., by Lucy, his wife, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir Thomas Sutton, Bart., and succeeded to the earldom in 1882 at the decease of his cousin, Thomas Moreton Berkeley, who was sixth Earl of Berkeley, but did not assume the title. The nobleman whose death we record was formerly an officer in the army. He married, Feb. 22, 1860, Cecile, daughter of Count Edward De Melfort Drummond, and leaves a son and successor, Randal Thomas Moreton, Viscount Dursley, Lieutenant R.N., now eighth Earl of Berkeley.

SIR SAMUEL ROWE.

Surgeon-Major Sir Samuel Rowe, K.C.M.G., late Governor of Sierra Leone, died at Madeira, on Aug. 23, aged fifty-three. He was educated at Aberdeen University (M.B., 1855; L.S.A., J.M., and M.R.C.S., 1856), and entered the Army in 1862, became Surgeon in 1870, and Surgeon-Major in 1873. He served throughout the Ashantee War of 1873-74, and was present with the force under Colonel Festing at the defeat of the Ashantees in the two engagements at Elmina on June 13. For these services he was several times mentioned in despatches, and given a medal with clasp. He was Administrator of the Gambia, 1875 to 1876; Commander-in-Chief of the West African Settlements, 1876 to 1881; Governor of the Gold Coast Colony, 1881 to 1882; and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Sierra Leone from 1884 up to the time of his death. Sir Samuel was created a C.M.G. in 1874 and a K.C.M.G. in 1880.

MAJOR-GENERAL LYNCH.

Major-General William Wiltshire Lynch, C.B., of Pareora, near Guildford, Surrey, died of cholera on Aug. 4 at Allahabad, while in command of the Allahabad Division of the Bengal Army. He was born in 1831, and was educated at King's College, London. He entered the Army in 1850, became Captain in 1858, Major in 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1871, Colonel in 1877, and Major-General in 1887. He served in the Persian Expedition of 1857, and in the Indian Mutiny of 1857-58. He was mentioned in despatches, received three medals with clasps, was thanked by Governor-General of India, and was given a year's service. He was Brigade-Major of the Chatham District, 1866 to 1870; Assistant Military Secretary West Indies, 1870 to 1872; Deputy Judge-Advocate, 1875 to 1876; and Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, 1886 to 1887. He married, in 1876, Mary Florence, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. D. Maclean, of Queensland, Australia.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Augustus William Gurney, M.A., Vicar of Little Hereford, Tenbury, on Aug. 28, aged sixty-two.

Colonel Henry Albert Platt, late of Lincolnshire Regiment, at 12, Archway-road, Highgate, on Aug. 28, aged fifty-three.

Mr. Charles Brownlow Brind, Assistant-Commissioner Indian Civil Service, accidentally drowned in Upper Burma on July 27.

Major the Hon. Robert Baillie, on Aug. 29, aged eighty-one. He was brother of George, tenth Earl of Haddington, and uncle of the present Peer.

The Venerable John Wright Bowles, M.A., Archdeacon of Killaloe and Incumbent of Nenagh, suddenly on Aug. 24, aged sixty-four.

Lady Reid (Lavinia Lucy), wife of General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B., and eldest daughter of the late Captain John Fisher, at 97, Earl's-court-road, on Aug. 24, aged fifty-nine.

Louisa Anne Erskine, Lady Hamilton, wife of General Sir Frederick William Hamilton, K.C.B., and daughter of Sir Alexander Anstruther, formerly Judge in Madras, on Aug. 29, at Pitcorrhie, Fife.

Captain Alfred Nelson Fairman, R.N., only son of the late Colonel William Blennerhasset-Fairman, at 14, Charleville-road, S.W., on Aug. 29, aged eighty-two. He entered the Navy so far back as 1818, and obtained his first commission in 1829.

Colonel Duncan Scott Pemberton, Royal Artillery, at Cashmere, on Aug. 23. He entered the Army in 1856, and became Colonel in 1885. He served with distinction at the siege of Delhi, for which he received a medal with clasp, and in the Boer war of 1881.

The Hon. Mrs. Henley (Georgiana Caroline Mary), wife of the Hon. Anthony Ernest Henley, second son of the present Lord Henley, and only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Michael Williams, brother of Sir Frederick Williams, second Baronet, of Tregulow, at Southend, Essex, on Aug. 26.

M. Chevreul, the eminent French chemist, celebrated on Aug. 31 his 102nd birthday. On Sept. 4 he visited the Sanitary Exhibition at the Palace of Industry. Arm-in-arm with a friend he mounted the stairs and walked through the exhibition. He is in excellent health.

Mr. Gladstone's addresses at Wrexham on Sept. 4 proved that he retains unimpaired the faculty of making eloquent and interesting speeches on any subject, from the Welsh leek to King Bomba. In his growing friendliness for Sir Edward Watkin, Mr. Gladstone seized the opportunity to express the indebtedness of Wales to the hon. Baronet for using his influence to increase railway communication with the Principality. Mr. Gladstone's speech to the large gathering of Liberals at Wrexham amounted to little more than a repetition of the charge that King Bomba did not, as a rule, treat political convicts as badly as he alleged the Government treat Irish political prisoners. Mr. Osborne Morgan, from his own personal observation, corroborated the right hon. gentleman on this point. Proceeding to the Eisteddfod, Mr. Gladstone delivered a wonderful panegyric on Welshmen, and quoted Shakespeare in praise of the Welsh as "trusty, loving, and hardy."

THE COURT.

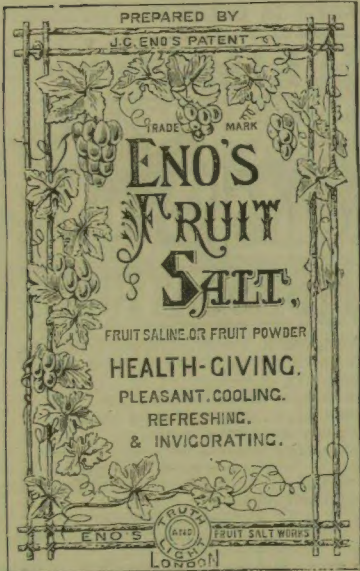
Her Majesty, who is at Balmoral, takes walks and drives daily. On Aug. 29 the Duke de Chartres (who is staying at Invercauld) dined with the Queen and Royal family. The Grand Duke of Hesse went out deer-stalking. Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On the 31st the Queen went out in the morning with Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse, and her Majesty in the afternoon drove with Princess Frederica and Princess Alice. Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke of Hesse drove to the Glassalt Shiel with Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Campbell. Princess Frederica dined with the Queen and Royal family on Sept. 1. The Duke of Hesse goes out deer-stalking nearly every day. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, Sept. 2, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., of St. Maxwell parish, Glasgow. The Rev. Archibald Campbell and the Rev. W. Tulloch had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. On Monday morning, the 3rd, her Majesty drove and walked out attended by Lady Southampton, and in the afternoon drove with Princess Beatrice and the Hon. Lady Campbell, of Blythwood, attended by Lady Southampton and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, to the Glen Gelder Shiel. Princess Beatrice in the morning rode, attended by the Hon. Rosa Hood. The Grand Duke of Hesse went to a grouse drive, at Invercauld, attended by Major Sir Fleetwood Edwards, K.C.B.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

The twenty-first annual Trades Union Congress was commenced at Bradford on Aug. 3. Mr. George Shipton, who opened the proceedings in the absence, through illness, of Mr. Crawford, M.P., Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, referred, in the course of his remarks, to the Sugar Bounties Convention, and urged the delegates to repudiate the idea of cheapness, regardless of the conditions by which that cheapness was produced. Mr. J. Wilson submitted that the Chairman was out of order in alluding to this subject; but Mr. Shipton justified his allusion on the ground that he was acting in accordance with precedent. Mr. Shaftoe, of Bradford, being elected president, introduced Alderman Morley, Mayor of Bradford, who welcomed the congress to the town. The report of the Parliamentary Committee, which was read by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., touched upon the various legislative proposals of the past Session dealing with labour questions, and entered at considerable length upon the House of Lords' inquiry into the sweating system. Mr. Shaftoe gave the opening address on the 4th, and alluded to the saving of 40 per cent in human labour which had been effected by machinery. This, he said, pointed to a reduction in the hours of labour, and remarked that the railway monopoly was a grievous sinner in the matter of overwork. The labour party was meant for the redemption of labour, and the Trades Unions would never be the slaves of parties. Questions connected with the operation of the Factory Act and the Employers' Liability Act were afterwards discussed.

The Rev. David Evans, Vicar of Abergele, has been appointed to the deanery of St. Asaph, vacant by the resignation of Dean James, formerly head-master of Rossall School.

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